

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 862

Week Ending  
SEPTEMBER 28, 1935

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

## THE MOTHER WHO GAVE US FIVE SONS

See  
Page  
Seven

### THE DICTATOR'S ROAD TO RUIN

WILL HE TURN BACK?

Mussolini's Bombs When  
God's Rain Stops

LEAGUE'S PEACE PROPOSAL

The weather forecast is dull news to most of us, but the weather forecast for Abyssinia is of grave consequence.

In spite of a little blue which appears in the dark sky as we go to press, all Abyssinia fears that when God's rains stop Mussolini's bombs will begin to fall.

The faint hope has come through the reply of Mussolini to the League's proposals for peace. The Dictator refuses to accept them, but his refusal is less brutal and his tone less unfriendly than before. It appears that the tremendous weight of world opinion is moving him at last, and the movements of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean have not been without influence.

#### An International Mission

For the first time Mussolini has himself made counter proposals to the League, and though these are impossible it is something that they should be made. The League has done its utmost to satisfy any fair demand that Italy can make. The Committee of Five has proposed, and Abyssinia has accepted, that the League should send an international mission to organise and develop Abyssinia and to abolish slavery. It would guarantee security in the cities and maintain order on the frontiers.

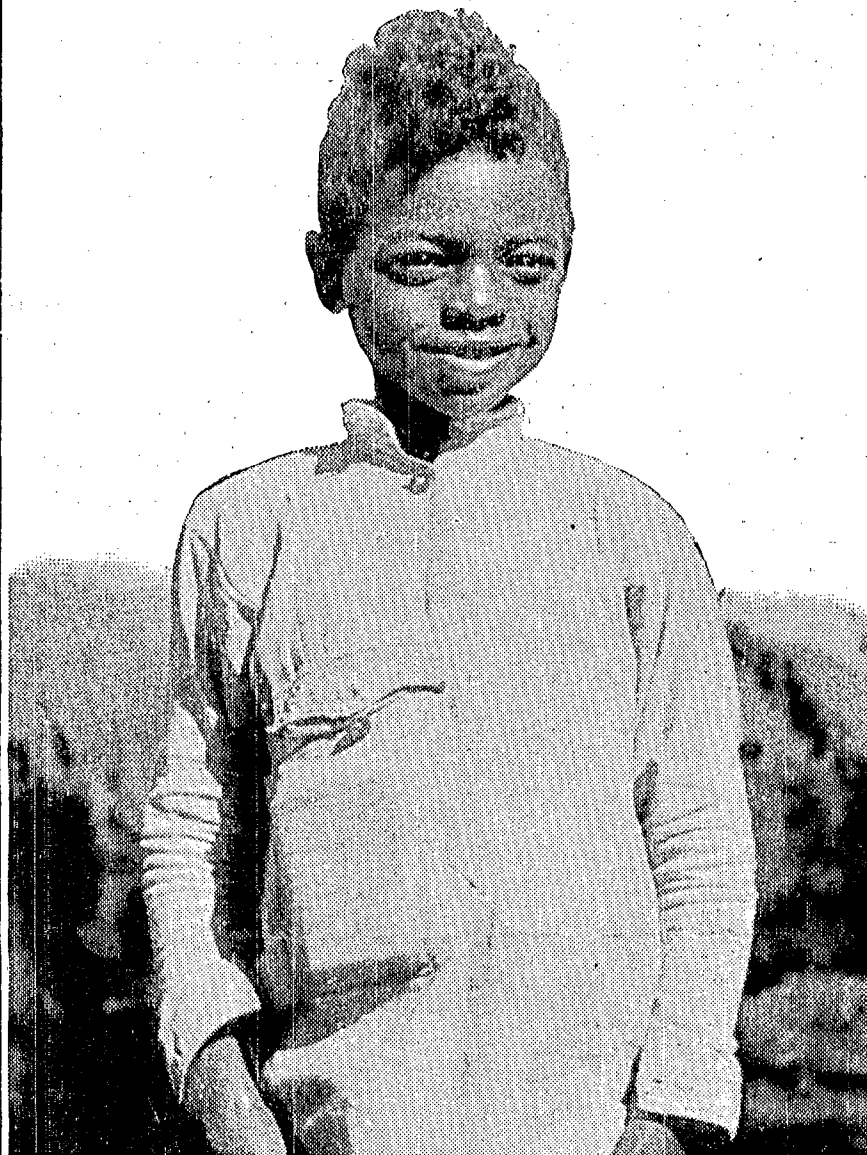
No country could be more completely guaranteed against disorder or secured for the benefits of civilisation. In addition to this Italy was to be given special consideration in all the arrangements, and was actually to receive territorial concessions from Abyssinia, which would be made possible by the surrender of territory by France and Britain.

#### The Road To Ruin

It is increasingly plain that nothing but the personal obstinacy of Mussolini stands in the way of a generous settlement like this, and it remains to be seen whether one stubborn man can have his way against the moral opinion of the world, or whether Mussolini will plunge Italy into war as he has plunged it into debt. Such a war would be without a shadow of excuse; but the great consolation of the world is that the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted, and that even if the war begins it will probably not end as Mussolini hopes.

Italy has lost its freedom and no man there dare speak his mind; it is cut off from the honest news of the world and reads only what Mussolini is willing for it to read; but it remains to be seen whether a Dictator can lead a nation to the very end of the Road to Ruin.

### What Will His Future Be?



He is a little fellow in Abyssinia. Where will his country stand when he grows up?

### A CANTERBURY PILGRIM

CANTERBURY will long remember the monkey which has been making holiday among its ancient roofs.

It had escaped from the Whitstable Amusement Park and found its way to the woods, but it tired of these sylvan pleasures and turned toward the city, taking orchards and market gardens on its way. Tomatoes it found specially appetising.

Its appetite growing with eating, it began to raid larders, with such success that the police were informed and were stirred to take action. They trapped the raider in a conservatory, closed the exits, and advanced to the capture with strawberry nets.

But they little knew the sort of monkey with which they had to deal. First taking up a strategic position on a cistern, it evaded the policeman who had been making faces at it to entice it down, and then, bursting through the strawberry nets and crashing through the conservatory glass, it fled, and was

the next minute looking down from the steeple of St Paul's Church.

There it remained till the uproar was over, leaving this impregnable position for more accessible heights only when hunger moved it.

Altogether the monkey left a mark on Canterbury surpassed by no other summer visitor, one of the most entertaining Canterbury pilgrims since Chaucer.

#### HER LAST CHARITY

Miss Violet Melnotte, another of the Victorian actresses who was delighting London audiences more than 50 years ago, followed her friend Mrs Kendal within a few days.

Till she was nearly 80 she kept in close touch with the stage, and we hear of one fragrant memory she left behind among her fellow players. The last cheque she signed was for one of her old stage managers who was in need. She sent him £10 and a little note with her love, asking him not to thank her.

### STAGE COACHES AND TRAINS OF THE AIR

VETERANS AND NEW-  
COMERS OF FLYINGThe Aeroplane Which Drew  
Seven Gliders With It

DRAMATIC EVENT IN RUSSIA

Who can say what will happen in the air tomorrow? Even while balloons are racing men are talking of aerial trains.

Seven balloons have come down in Russia after flights nearing 1000 miles from Warsaw, where they started as competitors in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race. Compared with the plane the balloon is the stage-coach of the air, but it still has a considerable following.

#### The Parachute Kite

The balloon remaining the longest time in the air was the Kosciuszko, which was up for 48 hours and landed at Kharkov in Russia, 812 miles from the starting point. Another Polish balloon covered 935 miles, a Belgian one 850, and German, French, and American balloons competed.

These old inventions for the conquest of the air persist among the newer ones. Even before the coming of the plane Major Baden-Powell, brother of the Chief Scout, was experimenting with man-lifting kites. Now we learn that in Russia a kind of parachute kite with a dome of fabric 70 feet across has lifted a weight of four tons 4000 feet in a wind.

That is what is happening with the old balloons and kites; now for the glider, another vessel of the air. A new future is opening up before it. It may become the passenger car of the Air Train.

At Koktebel Hill near the Black Sea, where gliding takes place as often as at Sutton Bank in Yorkshire, seven one-man gliders were joined to an aeroplane, and the string was carried by the aerial locomotive for 40 minutes at a height of 600 yards.

#### A Hope For the Future

This was regarded as an outstanding feat, because in no previous experiment had more than five gliders been attached to one plane, and it was evidence that these glider trains may be used for carrying goods or for exploring air currents.

This may be only a hope for the future, but the practice of attaching gliders to aeroplanes in Russia is proceeding apace. At the gliding meeting at Koktebel one non-stop flight of a glider train was made from Moscow 750 miles distant and a squadron of six air trains arrived at the airport from a shorter distance simultaneously. Other feats of the same kind were performed daily. It was determined that a monoplane was best suited to lead the train.



## FEAT OF TWO SHIPS

### Blazing a New Trail From East To West

With a load of Siberian timber the Russian ship Stalingrad has arrived this week in London from Murmansk.

The amazing thing about her voyage is that Murmansk was only a port of call on the first commercial voyage ever made to it from Vladivostok by way of the Arctic Ocean.

She left that Pacific port on June 25 with 170 people and 50 horses, 20 cows, and other livestock emigrating to a new home in the Arctic. Just before she reached the mouth of the Lena she overtook the Russian ship Anadyr, and both picked their way through drifting ice to Tiksy, which they reached three weeks before they were expected.

There the Stalingrad loaded coal and transferred it in the open sea to ice-breakers, then sailing on to Igarka on the Yenisei River, where she loaded with the timber which is now in London. The Anadyr finished her voyage of 11,500 miles at Murmansk. See *World Map*

## A BUSY TOWN WITH 30 INDUSTRIES

### A Hundred Years of Derby

The boys and girls of Derby have been rightly proud of themselves this week, for their contribution to the centenary exhibition of their town has proved so valuable that it is to be shown at the Geographical Association's conference at Nottingham next spring.

What these pupils of the 30 senior departments of the town's schools have done is to make a detailed industrial and social survey of the town, the results being seen on seven stalls at the centenary exhibition.

When the Municipal Corporations Act was passed 100 years ago Derby had a population of 30,000; today it has 140,000. Ninety years ago Derby was chosen by the Midland Railway as the centre of its system, and from that time the town went ahead until it has now 30 important industries, and a very low unemployment record.

## A GLOBE IN MEMORY OF LIVINGSTONE

### New Fountain At Blantyre

Every year 70,000 people, some from the ends of the Earth, visit the Livingstone National Memorial at Blantyre, his birthplace.

The unusual fountain shown on another page is the latest treasure there. The marble and bronze globe in the inner basin was designed by Mr F. C. Mears and is a remarkable map of the world, its polar axis parallel with the axis of the Earth. Sunshine on this globe shows which parts of the Earth are enjoying daylight; shadow on the land surfaces indicates in which countries night has fallen.

But the fountain is more than an ingenious globe. It shows the vast extent of Livingstone's Africa in comparison with the rest of the world, and the bronze panels round the inner basin draw attention to the simple trades which are often accounted of little value. Livingstone knew the worth of the simple men and women who cultivate the fruits of the Earth, and believed that industrialism would help instead of crush them.

## THE WHISTLE IN THE WIND

The wind has been blamed for two accidents by drowning the whistle of a railway engine. One case was at Farnham, where a ganger was run over apparently through not hearing the whistle; the other was at Washington in Durham, where the driver of a car struck an engine at a crossing through the wind drowning the whistle.

## THE OAK AND THE REEDS

### Aesop and the Great Storm

The country is still littered with the wreck of trees caused by the great gales, and many a wood is despoiled, many a landscape marred, with only shattered stumps left to tell the tale.

The damage enables us to realise the virtue for our climate of trees which, unlike those remaining evergreen in warmer lands, shed their leaves as autumn passes, and stand stripped and taut, braced to confront the gales of winter.

Caught by the storm with their foliage still in all its glory, our trees had to bear a greater force than they could bear, a great weight of leaves which combined to offer immense resistance to the wind. We may have gales just as heavy in the months that are coming, but, ready for the contest, our trees will face the conflict practically unharmed.

One scene past which we drove in the gale, with splendid trees prostrate in a river, while reeds and lesser growths were unharmed, made old Aesop seem to speak again, full of observation and wisdom, in his fable of the great oak which, uprooted by a hurricane, said to the reeds among which it was hurled, "I wonder how you, who are so light and so weak, are not entirely crushed by these strong winds."

To which they answered: "You fight and contend with the wind and are destroyed, while we bend before the least breath of air and remain unbroken."

## PROUD SIR JOSIAH

### Mayor of Kent's Biggest Town

A very proud man Sir Josiah Stamp must be this week.

He has been allowed to drive a model engine at the great exhibition of models at the Horticultural Hall, and he is the first mayor of the biggest town in Kent.

The biggest town in Kent is now Beckenham, which has robbed Gillingham of that distinction by incorporating some of its neighbours. Beckenham has now a population of 68,000, about 5000 more than Gillingham's, and the rateable value of Beckenham is about £750,000, double that of Gillingham.

Beckenham has been celebrating its distinction with a parade of decorated vehicles, showing episodes in its ancient story.

## THE FLEETWOOD DOG AND THE MANX CATS

A Fleetwood dog, wanting to see the world, not long ago slipped on to a passenger steamer when nobody was looking and hid as a stowaway.

The steamer was bound for the Isle of Man, and at Douglas the dog ran over the gangway unnoticed and prowled about enjoying the new sights and smells.

All went well until he met some Manx cats, when he barked with excitement, for, like Bopeep's sheep, they had left their tails behind them!

Hey diddle diddle! The little dog laughed to see such fun, and chased the dream cats about the island until it ceased to be only fun and a human interposed and looked at his collar to see where the intruder could have come from. On it was engraved the Fleetwood address of his owner.

His short holiday was over. The stowaway was put on the next boat and sent back to his master, and among the Manx cats his visit is still the talk of the island.

## THE SPOILED PAPER

The illiterate voter is common enough, but it is surprising to know that when the tellers at Geneva came to count the votes for the President of the Assembly this year it was found that one of the 54 was inaccurately filled in! Fortunately it made no difference to the result.

## MUSIC ALL THE WAY

### Great Flying Feats

The flying men have been busy making long-distance flights.

While Campbell Black was in the early stages of his attempt to fly to the Cape and back within a week, an American of Lithuanian birth, Felix Waitkus, was flying across the Atlantic from New York, cheered during the most anxious part of his flight by music from the Athlone station which was broadcast for his special benefit. He set out to reach Lithuania but came down in Ireland after covering 3000 miles in 22 hours. This was the 25th Atlantic crossing from West to East by plane.

The first stage of Campbell Black's flight took him from Hatfield to Cairo, more than 2200 miles in 11 hours 9 minutes, a record for the journey.

## AMY SHERWIN WILL SING NO MORE

### The Tasmanian Nightingale

Madame Amy Sherwin will sing no more in this world.

Somebody heard her singing as a child at the lonely home in the Tasmanian Bush where she was born over 80 years ago, and a few weeks later she was heard at Melbourne Opera House.

She became a great soprano, known as the Tasmanian Nightingale, and she sang to thousands in America and Europe. She lived in a big house at Hampstead, and she must have earned thousands a year.

Then she grew old and forgotten—forgotten save by a few friends who remained faithful. She was poor, so poor that she could not pay for the nursing home at Bromley where she died. But she was rich in memories, and there are thousands still living who recall the thrill of listening to her voice.

## HE SAVED MUCH BEAUTY FOR US

### Sir Walter Tapper

The famous architect who has in recent years added greatly to the beauty of Westminster Abbey has passed away at the age of 74.

He was Sir Walter Tapper, whose life-work was recognised by election to the rank of R.A. only this year. He loved above all things the work of medieval artists and their romantic style. The restoration of Henry the Seventh's chapel with its lovely colouring, and the improvements to the muniment room and the library of the Abbey, made him famous in London, and it was he who saved the Five Sisters Window at York as the Empire Memorial to women.

## FIRST PRESIDENT OF A NEW COMMONWEALTH

The new Commonwealth of the Philippines has elected its first President, and has chosen Don Manuel Quezon, leader of the movement which established this form of government.

The Philippines are to have a President with a six-years term of office, so that there will be only two presidents before the completion of the ten years after which these islands are to receive complete independence. On November 15 Don Quezon will take over the duties of the American Governor-General, who will become High Commissioner.

## LISTENING TO THE VOICE OF ENGLAND

The National Free Church Council has built new headquarters in Tavistock Square, London.

At the opening the other day Mrs George Cadbury told the meeting that she had heard Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva and felt that "she could almost hear one of the Quaker saints." Sir Samuel is of Quaker descent.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Yeovil Town Hall has been burned, and a portrait by Lawrence destroyed.

Mr and Mrs Stephen Challen have been keeping their 70th wedding anniversary at Solihull in Warwickshire.

The first Shakespeare talking film is about to be shown in London; it is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Mussolini has released 68 political prisoners in the former Austrian districts now belonging to Italy.

There are a mile and a half of flowers at the Horticultural Society's Autumn show at Olympia.

In spite of much expressed resentment the swastika is now flying everywhere as the national flag of Germany.

Miss Barbara Donaldson, an Irish woman who has died at 103, milked three cows every day till a week before she died.

The other Newcastle (Newcastle-under-Lyme in Staffordshire) has been celebrating the 700th anniversary of its freedom of trade.

Port Sunlight is to abandon its private electric supply and draw its power from the Grid; it needs 40 million units a year, as much as all Birkenhead.

A county court judge, refusing permission for a girl ward of the court to spend money on piano-playing, suggested that the girl would find a much better career in domestic service.

The Mayor of Canterbury has been to Brussels Exhibition and presented the Burgomaster with a model of Canterbury Cathedral. Over 16,000,000 people have seen the Exhibition.

The L.N.E.R. is to run an express from Newcastle to London on Monday (268 miles) in 4 hours, part of the way 70 miles an hour, and the whole journey the fastest long-distance timing in England.

## MILK TROUBLE

A dispute has been troubling all who are responsible for our milk, and the Minister of Agriculture had to refer it to a committee to settle.

The Milk Marketing Board, in fixing prices for the next 12 months gave the farmers 5d more for a dozen gallons, which would mean £1,000,000 more a year. The price to the consumer was not raised, but the distributors, who had been asking for a reduction in the wholesale price, were asked to sign contracts paying more, not less, to the farmers. They refused, and the Board have made arrangements to supply milk direct to consumers next week unless the dispute has been settled by October 1.

## LITTLE WARS

The nations are war-bound. But it is amazing how many little wars go on all the time in our domestic affairs.

During recent days we have read of two school strikes, there was a long bus strike in South Wales which held up a few dozen valleys, the milk distributors have got the idea into their heads, and now the coalfield in South Wales is threatened with an industrial war.

When shall we learn to live at peace in our domestic affairs?

## THINGS SAID

Creative leisure is Nature's true answer to mechanical toil.

Mr H. A. L. Fisher

The road driver of the future may hear traffic signals on his wireless set.

Ministry of Transport Official

Violence against the Jews, raging and vituperating against them, damages us more than it helps us.

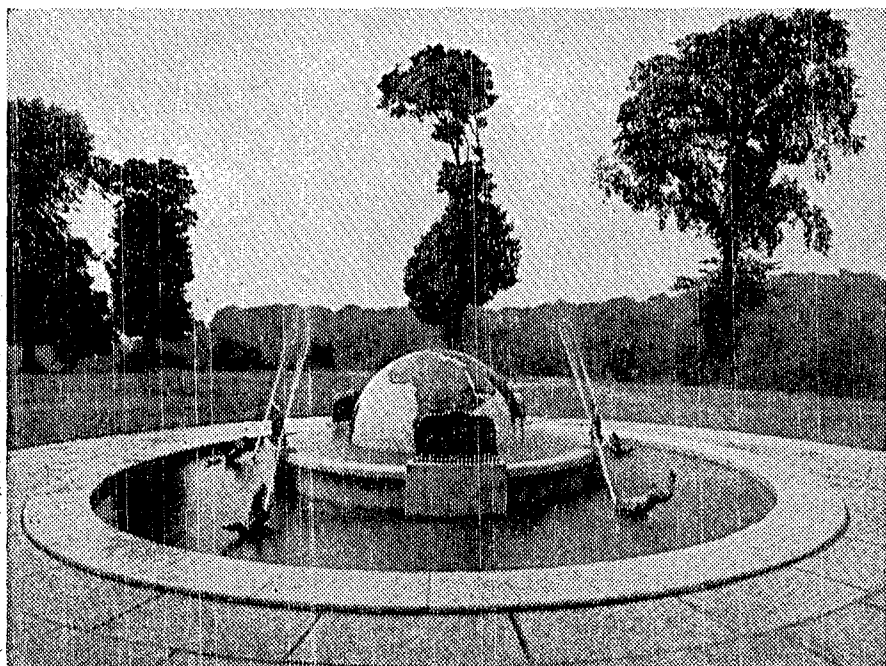
Count Reventlow, Nazi Editor

Mr Grey Wornum's Royal Institute of British Architects building in Portland Place is the finest piece of modern architecture I know.

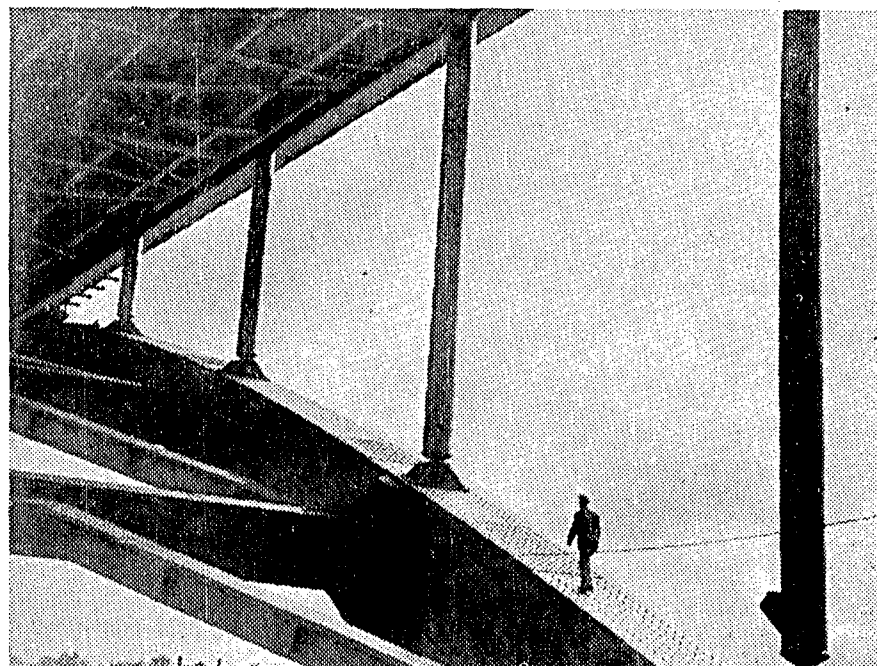
Mr Corbett, architect of Bush House



# Iron Road • A Livingstone Fountain • Little Singers



**A Unique Fountain**—This unusual work is the latest addition to the treasures at the David Livingstone National Memorial at Blantyre, where visitors from all parts of the world come to see exhibits illustrating the life of the great missionary. See page 2.



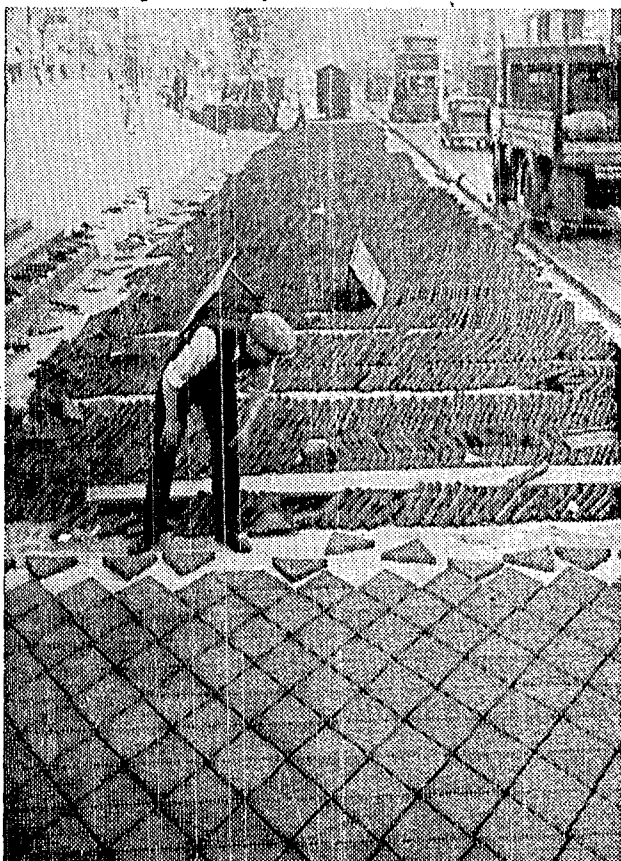
**A Work of Man**—How insignificant man appears beside some of the mighty creations of his brain and hands. This picture shows a man walking along girders in the arch support for the new Vesterbron Bridge in Stockholm.



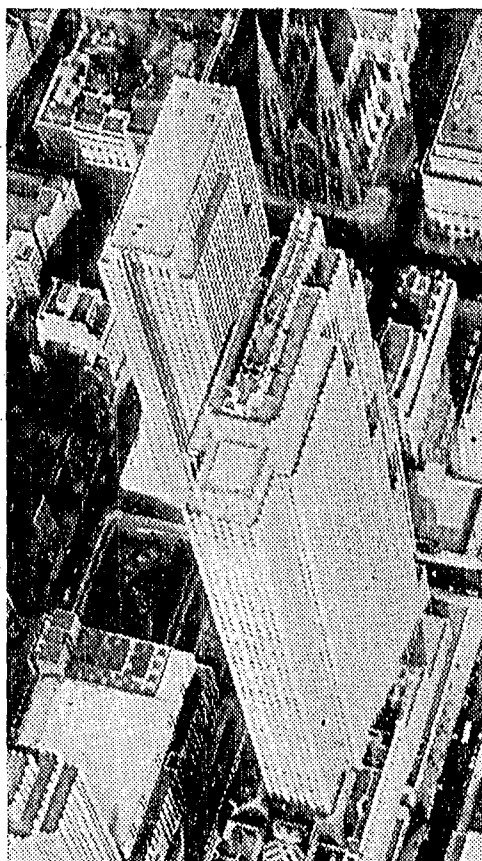
**A Rehearsal**—Girls and boys of a London school are here seen practising the songs they will sing on Saturday at the Children's Musical Festival in the Albert Hall.



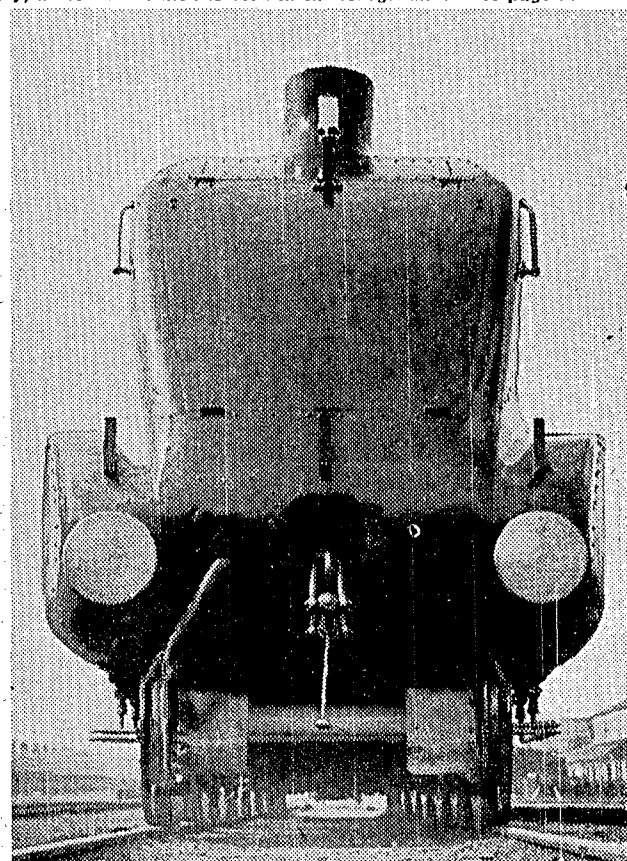
**Pictures of the World**—Students of Watford Art Institute finishing the Asia panel for the Junior Public Library, a model of which is seen in the foreground. See page 9.



**The Iron Road**—A quarter of a mile of an Islington road is being resurfaced with iron. Our picture shows the triangular iron sets, which prevent skidding, being laid down.



**Among the Skyscrapers**—The aeroplane traveller may be high above New York's streets without being far above the new Rockefeller Centre.



**The Iron Horse**—The streamlined front of the new LNER engine which will start running on Monday between Newcastle and London. Its average speed will be 67 miles an hour.



## PEACE BETWEEN SISTER NATIONS

### Norway and Sweden Remember

It is good to remember, in these days of tension between the nations, that there have been times when in no less critical situations wise counsel and the will to peace prevailed.

Workers of Sweden and Norway have been celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the occasion when their two countries might easily have gone to war.

Before 1905 Sweden and Norway were under one king. As nearly always happens in such a union, Norway, the junior partner, was dissatisfied, and for many decades an embittered struggle went on between the politicians of the two countries. In the end Norway cut herself adrift in what she considered a perfectly legal manner; but Sweden felt aggrieved, and all the little Mussolinis of those days, thinking in terms of force, talked darkly of coercion by arms.

But others, among them the workers of both countries, threw their whole weight into the scale against such talk, and King Oscar ordered that no impediment should be put in the way of Norway's secession. Thus everything went smoothly and Norway was able to elect a king of her own. Instead of the bitterness and hatred that bloodshed and an enforced union would have spread among the peoples, there are now friendship, goodwill, and a cordial give-and-take between the two sister nations.

It was this happy consummation that 2000 Swedish and Norwegian workers from the border provinces came together to celebrate the other day.

### WHY NOT?

The Brighton Education Committee believes that every boy should be able to prepare a meal.

The experiment is accordingly being tried of teaching boys how to make tea, and how to prepare a plain dinner.

On the other hand, the girls are to be taught not only cooking and other household duties, but how to knock in a nail or hang a picture. Why not?

## 100,000 MEN

One of the most impressive pictures we have ever seen is a photograph from Nuremberg of 100,000 men, in close ranks, listening to Herr Hitler.

One hundred thousand men, physically sound! What are they to do? Are they to shoot at enemies at present undetermined, and to be shot at in reply?

It is impossible to look at such a picture without hoping that the gallant 100,000 will live and be happy.

How are we to ensure it? In the C.N. we have pointed the way again and

### Sir William's Trumpet Sounds

Sir William's Trumpet Sounds, we wrote the other day, quoting William Watson, and we have been looking once again at his little paper volume *The Purple East*, written long ago in another crisis of the world.

The great words with which the poet introduces the poems might well have been written now.

To have been the accessory to a tremendous crime will not permanently aid a nation to go about the business of life with that inmost self-approval which can afford to ignore the adverse judgments of the half-informed, and is more potent than any plaudits to sustain and secretly inspire.

Wanting that silent ratification, unfortified by that inward sanction, a nation must needs lose vigour and assurance.

*Her walk grows feverish and her rejoicings troubled, for a shadowy accuser waylays her footsteps and haunts the background of her feasts.*

again. It is quite possible to give contentment to Germany and to all nations, and to seal world peace in doing so. What is necessary, in a well-known phrase, is that we should all have "a place in the sun."

No Jew in Germany is now allowed to show the national flag.

## DESPISE NOT POTATOES

### Vitamins Galore

We discovered in the war that the potato had been too much despised as a starchy food, and that we really need not have been surprised that so many poor Irish folk had thrived on it as their staple diet.

A committee of scientists set to work and showed that the potato is really an excellent and cheap substitute for bread.

Dr H. K. Archbold, writing in a new booklet published by the Potato Marketing Board, says that "Man can support life in health and vigour indefinitely when potato is the staple article in a slightly more varied diet." Some people have lived on potatoes, supplemented by a little fat and salt, for 300 days; recently one person lived for four years on potatoes and milk.

Among its many virtues, the humble and cheap potato is recommended as being highly digestible, as containing more vitamins than wheat bread, and as well provided with necessary mineral salts. It can be cooked in so many delightful ways that our housewives should pay it greater attention.

### ROBBING NEXT SUMMER

The movement to save our wild flowers from wantonness and destruction has gone a long step forward, skilled botanists having compiled lists of fated flowers in every county.

The work has taken 18 months, and will be a liberal education for all nature lovers. It will make us all wardens of our fields and hedgerows. In northern areas aromatic plants in great numbers ask for protection—wild garlic, wild chives, milk parsley, catmint, herb paris, green hellebore, pennyroyal, wild leek, and even henbane. Such characteristic and stately things as giant bell-flower and clustered bell-flower, so beautiful by lakesides, ask specially to be seen but left to bloom. Going south, we find great numbers, from many sorts of tall mulleins to tiny stonecrops, crying out for protection.

*At this time of the year every handful of blooms gathered means so many less seeds sown for next year's beauty.*

## IN SEARCH OF AN INSECT ARMY

### New Zealand's War

A New Zealand scientist, Dr Miller, is visiting South America to obtain specimens of useful insects to combat the plant and insect pests that annoy the Dominion's farmers.

Dr Miller has already studied two species of parasites found in Chile, and he has hopes that these little insects will multiply in their new home on the other side of the Pacific and feed on the burr which farmers call bidibidi. This plant is a great pest to sheep-farmers, because the ripe burrs become attached to the woolly fleeces of the sheep and so reduce the value of the wool sent to market.

## BABY IN THE PARK

### The Nursery Shelters

The well-designed Nursery Shelter in Battersea Park has been a great success.

During August it was attended by about 100 children a day. The National Society of Day Nurseries is so pleased with the result that it is hoped to establish the shelters in a number of London parks next year.

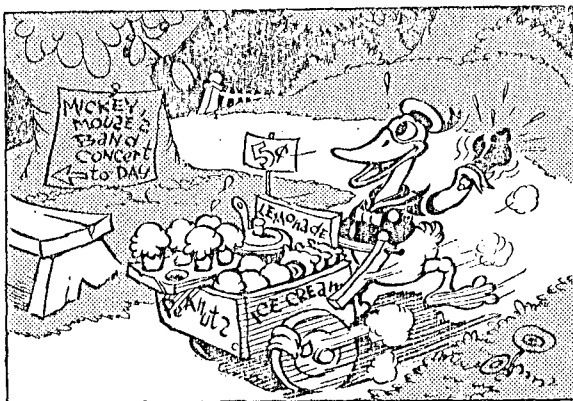
A trained nurse controls the shelter. The mothers pay a halfpenny an hour, and milk and biscuits are given to the children in the morning and afternoon.

### LITTLE ONE IN THE COUNTRY

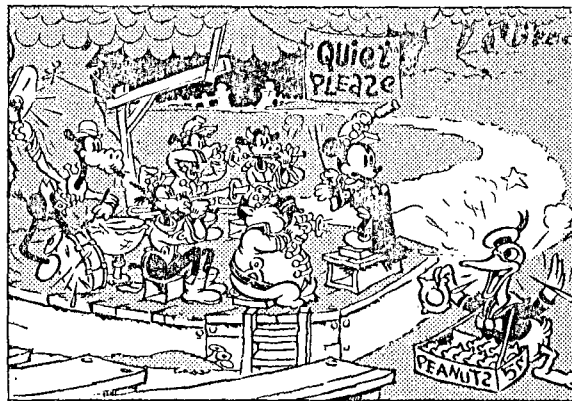
We have had the usual crop of stories of the delight and astonishment of little ones from the slums who have seen the country, with its fields, and birds, and animals, for the first time.

Perhaps no story was more appealing than that of the little boy and girl who returned to London after their visit to a farm to which charitable people had sent them. They had been allowed to take their tiny share in the harvest. "And, mother," the little girl reported gravely, "the farmer said he didn't know what he would have done without us!"

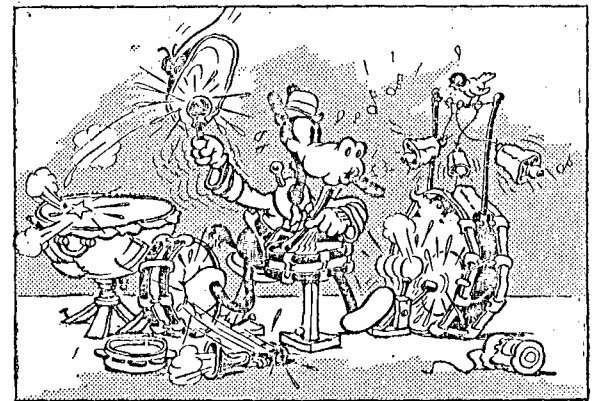
## ALL THE COUNTRY TO HEAR MICKEY MOUSE'S BAND CONCERT NEXT WEEK



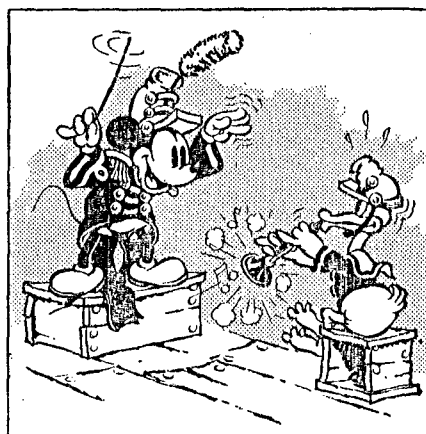
Donald Duck learns of Mickey's concert



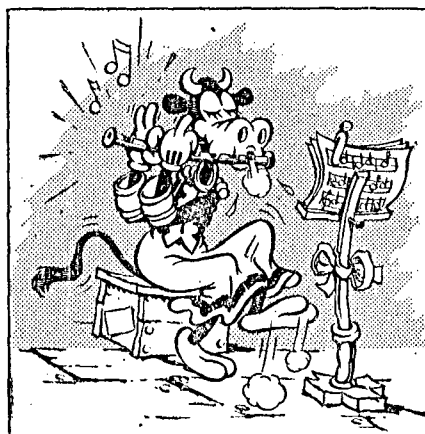
Donald's cry of Peanuts interrupts a soft passage



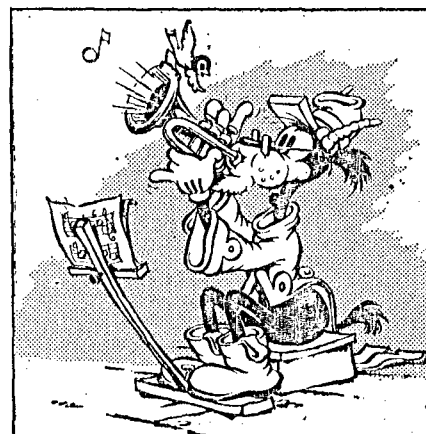
Hercule Horsecollar, the jazz drummer



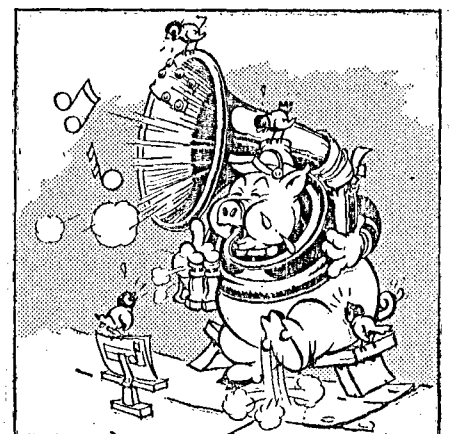
Mickey and the soloist



Clarabelle Cow plays the flute



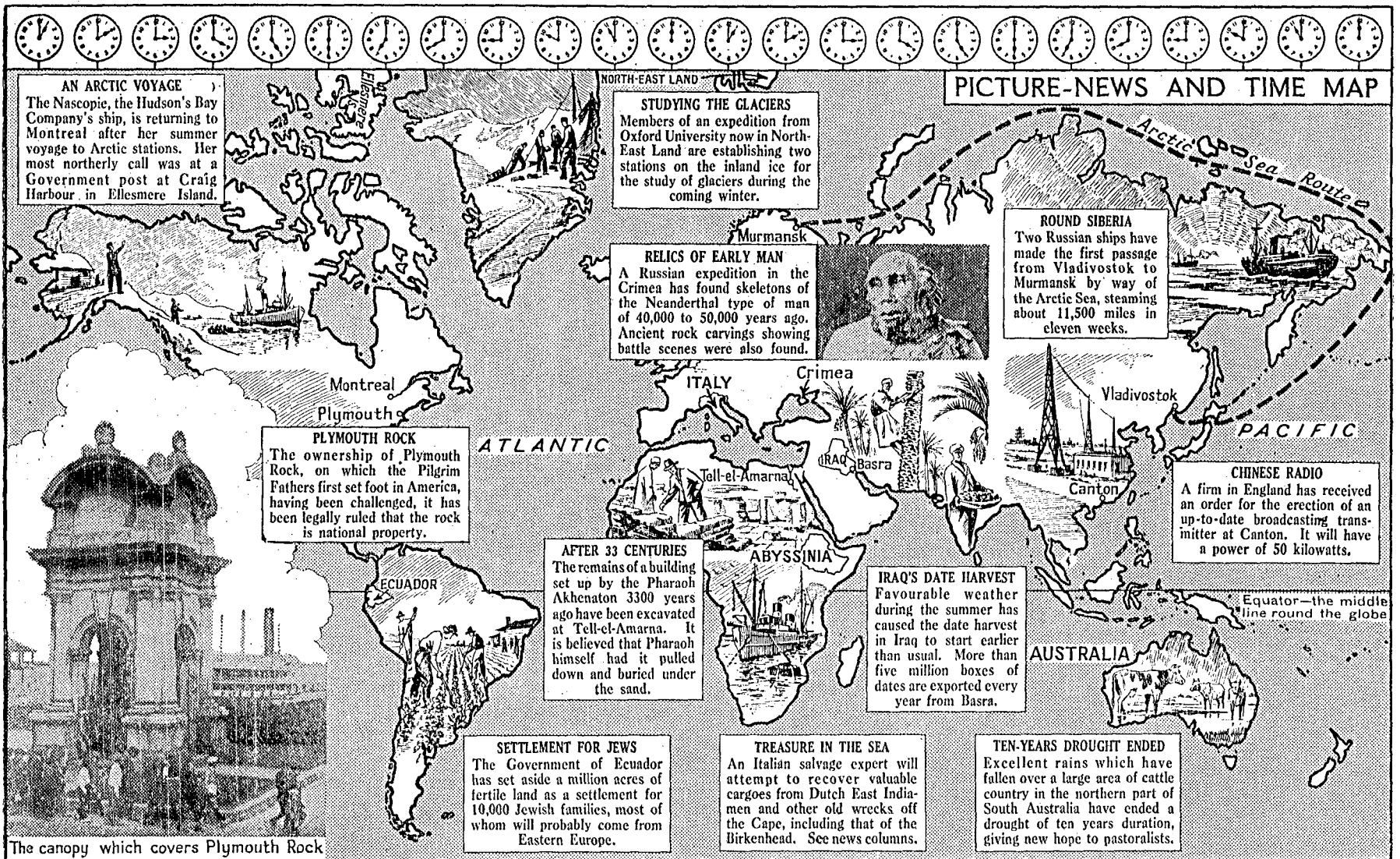
Giddy Goat, the trumpet player



Paddy Pig plays the tuba

Mr Walt Disney has requested Mickey Mouse to entertain the whole country with his band concert next week, Mickey having already amused London in this, his first coloured film





## BREAKFAST HERRINGS

### Why Not Fillet Them?

Why we do not eat herrings is a mystery the Herring Industry Board is trying to fathom.

There has been a fall of 50 per cent in herring consumption in 15 years. Here are some of the probable causes.

Tinned foods are increasingly consumed by lazy and thriftless people, and this hits the herring trade. There are fewer fish hawkers with barrows. Fried-fish shops have multiplied, but they do not fry herrings because of the trouble in filleting them. There are more than twice as many fried-fish shops as there are fishmongers.

To turn to the exportation of herrings, the Board realises that our herring industry was largely built up in the old days on foreign markets, and that it cannot be restored unless those markets are regained. Since 1910 the home market has consumed only about 35 per cent of the annual catch. In 1913 about 2,400,000 barrels of British herrings were exported, but in 1934 the figure had fallen to 800,000.

Our own idea is that if the herrings could be filleted for us they would be one of the most popular breakfasts.

## NEWS FROM A DITCH

She was picking a bunch of flowers, and stood in the ditch to get some white ones to go with her coloured blooms.

"The keek is pretty," said the country girl. "I wish it had a prettier name." "This?" asked the gatherer. "We don't call it keek. It is Lady's Lace."

So they talked of flower names. The country girl said the Latin name for Corncockle was Crown of the Fields, which suited that graceful flower better; and her new friend said that while foreigners talked of the Stinking Orchis, people here called them Soldier Jackets.

She smiled. "I reckon you can find a good name for flowers and people if you want to," she said. "But some won't be bothered to look far enough. The first time they see a fault they fix on it, and then they look no farther."

## CHEAPEST THING IN THE WORLD

### Our Marvellous Air Mail

How many people yet realise that one can send by air mail a one-ounce letter to any part of Europe for 4d and that it will be delivered within 24 hours?

It is difficult to believe, but the Post Office does not even advertise the fact in its books of stamps. What it does advertise is patent medicines and so on. It does, however, give the air mail rates for places outside Europe.

To return to Europe, it takes 36 hours for an ordinary mail letter to be delivered in Vienna, whereas the air mail does it in nine or ten hours.

The fastest mail is the early morning one from London to Paris. A letter posted in London at 1 a.m. is delivered in Paris at 7.

The Air Mail is the cheapest thing in the world, but it is, of course, subsidised.

## BURIED HISTORY

They are always road-repairing in the salt country of Cheshire, and delving deep in their endeavour to prevent the highways from sinking or disappearing.

During recent trenching at Nantwich hewn oak timbers 18 inches in diameter were found lying side by side for a distance of 40 yards, relics of a road of long ago.

In another place a relic of the Civil War came to light, a cannon-ball weighing about 12 pounds.

## PICTURES LOST AND FOUND

The villagers of Holcot near Peterborough must be feeling prouder than ever of their beautiful little church.

About 40 years ago a fine series of 13th-century wall paintings was discovered when a gallery was removed, and more were found in the aisles.

Now other medieval pictures, one of a demon with hoofs and tail, have been discovered above some of the nave arches.

## NEW ZEALAND'S TREES

### The Passing of the Forest

The passing of New Zealand's native forest in the space of two or three generations has been one of the saddest things about the Empire's Farthest Dominion.

In 1847 New Zealand had 27,600,000 acres of forest, but last year the area was only 7,881,000. The alarm has been sounded, and now everyone in New Zealand joins in the celebration of Arbor Day during August, the end of winter in the Southern Hemisphere.

This year Arbor Day was August 7, and all over the Dominion the children planted trees in their school grounds or in the streets.

## THE CASTLE WILL RISE AGAIN

People often speak of moving house, but we only rarely hear of anyone moving castle. The Slave of the Lamp did it, however, and now the Office of Works is repeating the feat.

On an island in Loch Doon, Scotland, stands the ruin of a 13th-century castle which is listed as an ancient monument. The level of the loch is to be raised 70 feet for the Galloway water-power scheme, and the castle would be submerged if it were left where it has stood for seven hundred years. Instead it is to be moved to the mainland 300 yards away.

All the stones have been numbered, and three boats will carry them to the new site, where Loch Doon Castle will rise again.

## THE BUSY IDLE MAN

The Roman Catholics of Great Harwood in Lancashire want a new church, and an unemployed man is helping them to get it.

He is Mr Frank Shaw, who has spent 830 hours in making a model of the proposed building. His little church has more than 40 stained glass windows and is complete to the smallest detail. By exhibiting it he has obtained a considerable sum for building the actual church.

## AN ISLAND COMES AND GOES

### Lifted By Bubbles of Gas

In Latvia there is a lake, called Lake Ilfung, in which a very curious natural phenomenon takes place twice a year.

This is nothing less than the disappearance and reappearance of a fairly large island. Autumn after autumn it vanishes without a trace, only to reappear in spring.

It is on the whole quite a sensible arrangement, for no one has any use for the island during the winter, while in summer it produces good hay. The country people who live on the borders of the lake, and make hay on the island while the sun shines, declare that they have never yet been able to watch the process of its disappearance. One day it is there, the next it is gone.

Formerly the strange phenomenon was ascribed to the mysterious agency of water-spirits; now, a perfectly natural explanation for it has been furnished by science. It is assumed that the island originally came into being through a part of the marshy soil at the bottom of the lake becoming detached and lifted to the surface by the gaseous substances engendered in it.

The same process is repeated every spring, when, under the influence of the warm weather, innumerable gas bubbles are formed which, rising upward as they do in a bottle of mineral water, raise with them the soil in which they are embedded. In the autumn, with the setting in of the cold, the development of gaseous matter ceases and the island, no longer held above water by their force, noiselessly sinks away.

## THE CHILDLESS HOMES

America's official Census Bureau reports that about one in three of the homes of the United States are childless.

Among the Negroes, who number about 13,000,000, the proportion of childless homes is even larger than among the whites.

Yet America has only about 40 people to the square mile.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 28 1935



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### Will the Crisis Grow Bigger?

We gave our platform last week to Sir Samuel Hoare, our Foreign Minister; this week we give it to Lord Lothian, who points out one of the grave aspects of the crisis now engaging the attention of the world.

This is what Lord Lothian, one of our profoundest thinkers, said the other day.

**I**f the crisis is not to develop into something far more dangerous we must deal much more vigorously with the other side of the problem. Neither we nor the League have yet faced the consequences of the tremendous changes which have come over the world since the war.

*In the last century there was practically free migration all over the world, and at least 50,000,000 people left Europe for the New World.*

*In the last century there was in substance free trade in goods, foodstuffs, and capital all over the world.*

*In the last century the British Fleet, being the only large Fleet, was the policeman of the seas.*

In consequence there was no world war for nearly a century, and few revolutions.

Today the nations are living in watertight compartments, with no migration and no freedom for trade, with the result that many of them have got into such tremendous population and economic difficulties that they have resorted to dictatorship to maintain order at home, and are adding to their armaments to try to solve their internal problems by action in a foreign field.

Unless the League can deal with these tremendous questions the Abyssinian issue will be swallowed up by a war about far wider issues, just as the Serbian crisis was swallowed up by a war about far greater issues in 1914. If the League merely becomes an institution for stabilising things as they are under threat of sanctions our last state will be much worse than our first. There will be two consequences.

In the first place all the dissatisfied Powers will leave the League and we shall get back to the old system, though one side will call itself the League and the other a combination to compel the League members to share the wealth and opportunity of the world.

In the second place Great Britain will find itself bound under the Covenant to go to war in order to maintain things as they are for everybody else without being able to compel the revision of treaties she may think justly needed.

These are the real dangers which are inherent in the present situation unless we make it clear that we and the League are willing to consider world problems in a far bigger way than hitherto, as well as to deal with aggression.

### The Country Which Has No Great Men

**W**E are quite sure that Mussolini is a great man.

We remember the story of his picking up a handkerchief dropped by the king at the signing of a treaty. The blacksmith's son asked if he could keep it, whereupon the king reminded him that it was "the only thing you have left me to put my nose into."

We are quite sure also that Italy thinks Mussolini is a great man. A well-known Englishman has just come back from Venice, and was saying goodbye to an Italian friend. The farewell was unusually warm, and the Italian said to the Englishman:

*How lucky you are to be going to a country which has no great men!*

### The Situation



Mussolini is massing his armies in view of Abyssinia's "preponderating forces on Italy's frontiers"

### In Royal Windsor

**W**E have become unhappily accustomed to police reports of gangs of boy thieves in great towns, but we confess that such a report from the beautiful town of Windsor surprises us.

The Windsor Education Committee are investigating an outbreak of juvenile crime.

The other day 23 boys appeared at the juvenile court accused of various offences, and school managers and headmasters are to discuss the matter. Would it have to be discussed if boys had good play or good training to occupy their eager minds?

### How Long?

**N**EARLY 20,000 telephone lines were blown down in the great storm.

It seems one more good reason for setting our idle men to work to put the telephone underground.

How long must we pay a great army of men for doing nothing who could be doing work like this?

### A Word From Shakespeare

On England Now

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world. . . Richard the Second

### Our Celts

**S**OMEONE has been pointing out that since 1900 we have had seven Prime Ministers and that five of them have been Celts, one Welsh and four Scottish.

It was the great Lord Salisbury, himself a Prime Minister, who scoffed at the Celtic Fringe from which came so many of his political opponents. British, we now call them all, and for that matter, who shall say in what proportions the races of Great Britain are mixed?

### Tip-Cat

**E**VERYBODY likes a good story. Yet children are told they mustn't tell them.

**I**t is very easy to travel nowadays. You just have to get in with people who own cars.

**Y**ou must not fish in the Thames after sunset. A light offence.

**A** SPEAKER says he likes to square his accounts. Then he can't pay his creditors all round.

**O**LD-FASHIONED people usually have long pointed handwriting. But they write round to their friends.

**A** BOY complains that when he wants to collect things his father puts his foot down. He should collect stamps.

**I**f a girl insists on keeping up her dignity how can she stand on it?

**A** BOY of eighteen beat three famous tennis players. Didn't they hit back?

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If there is always a catch in fishermen's tales

**A** CERTAIN optician is a humorist. Makes you see the funny side.

**P**APER crockery is very useful. If you are not in a tearing hurry.

**A** WAITRESS laughed at a policeman on point duty. Evidently saw the point.

### THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

**I**N the last five years 98 new stations have been opened on British railways.

**D**UNKERY BEACON on Exmoor has been given to the National Trust.

### JUST AN IDEA

*Even when life looks blackest there is a spark hidden in us somewhere that can never be utterly put out.*

### England Still

**O**UR world is changing, changing day by day,  
The good and bad alike are swept away,  
For trade and science, politics and war

Leave nothing standing where it stood of yore.

Yet something has not changed: the world has heard

The Voice of England: *We shall keep our word.* Janet Farwell

### These Three

*It is so simple to save the world. We have only to read this and follow it—all of us.*

**T**HOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

### Give Peace In Our Time, O Lord

You know of the hate—folly born;  
You know of the wrath—money bred;  
The impotent rage and the scorn,  
The trust and the faith that are dead.  
Lest sorrow should spring from the land,  
The crop of the seed of the sword,  
O, stay the imperious hand;  
Give peace in our time, O Lord.

Written by Corporal Edgar Wallace in the Boer War

### A Word To Mr Nazi

Sire, it is in truth the lot of the Church of God in whose name I speak to suffer blows and not to return them. Yet I also take leave to remind you that she is an anvil that has employed many hammers.

Beza, the Swiss reformer, to a king of his day



## SHE GAVE FIVE SONS FOR ENGLAND

### A LINCOLN MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

#### Three of the Most Pathetic Chapters of the Great War

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LETTER

While the overwhelming mass of mankind is praying that war may not break out again, the C N is able to add to our knowledge of that very small group of mothers who gave five sons to England in the Great War.

We have taken much interest in such cases and have already published two; now we have obtained full particulars of a third case.

The first case we were able to authenticate was that of Mrs Souls, who lived at Great Rissington in Gloucestershire when her five sons left for the war. She gave up five sons, and a sixth died of pneumonia. We have now been able to trace the five names, which we give below: The first three died in the same month of 1916; the last two in the same month of 1918.

Private Frederic Souls, 16th Cheshires  
Private Albert Souls, 10th Worcesters  
Private Walter Souls, 10th Worcesters  
Private Alfred Souls, 16th Cheshires  
Lance-Corporal Arthur Souls, 16th Cheshires

#### Sons of the Rectory

The second case is that of an unknown woman who got into a Scottish train at Longniddry, where a C N reader heard her tell a shepherd the story of her five sons who lay at Suvla Bay, at Vimy Ridge, and at Cambrai. We do not know the name in this case, but it is true.

We have now investigated a third case, which is that of an old lady still living in Lincoln whose husband was rector of the villages of Friesthorpe and Wickenby, two parishes near Market Rasen. She is Mrs Beechey, now living with a companion in Lincoln, and happily is so well that when our correspondent called to see her she was out for a walk.

The names of her five sons are all on the Lincoln peace memorial, and are also entered in the Memory Book kept in the public library of the city.

One son fell in 1915, one in 1916, and three in 1917. Their Christian names and regiments are as follow:

Bernard, 1st and 2nd Lincolnshires, sergeant  
Charles, Royal Fusiliers, private  
Frank, East Yorkshires, lieutenant  
Harold, Australians, corporal  
Leonard, London Irish Rifles, private

In a fourth case we have been able to identify, Mrs Lee of Huddersfield offered five sons to the war, and two came home, though a son-in-law also fell.

#### Consoling Words

We feel that we may now once more quote for the consolation of Mrs Beechey, the proud mother of five of our heroes, the famous letter written by Abraham Lincoln to a mother of long ago:

*Dear Madam, I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.*

*I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.*

*I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.*

*Yours very sincerely and respectfully,  
Abraham Lincoln*

## ON ITS WAY TO THE ZOO



### A Very Distinguished Traveller At Sea

A distinguished passenger is crossing the seas bound from Australia to the London Zoo, where, should it arrive alive and well, it will create a sensation worthy of the year which has witnessed the birth of the first chimpanzee and the coming of the first okapi.

The newcomer is that wonder of animal wonders the duck-billed platypus, with the body of an otter and the horny beak and webbed feet of a duck. It further resembles a bird by laying eggs, and hatching them in the warmth of a nest in a long burrow. When the egg hatches, however, the young one is placed in the kangaroo-like pouch of its mother, and there is nurtured on milk, like an ordinary mammal.

Australia has nothing stranger to show among all its wonderful animals than the duckbill. Long after white men reached the island continent native tales of it were heard and disbelieved, just as at the same time tales of the existence of gorillas were doubted.

So persistent were the reports of the strange habits of the duckbill, and so consistent were the doubts as to their feasibility, that in 1884 the Royal

Society sent a mission to Australia to investigate the story—halfway round the Earth, and then into the dim and wild interior, to see if natives had discovered an unknown marvel of Nature, or were simply repeating a fable from the wilds, where many fables are recounted from age to age.

The result of the mission reached the world in curious circumstances. The British Association met that year in Canada, and the president of one of the sections received a telegram saying, "The duck-billed platypus is oviparous!"

The mission had succeeded in tracking the animal to its lair, had observed its habits, and had proved the amazing fact that the platypus does really lay eggs.

Never did an animal receive greater attention and publicity, but never did an animal have a stranger story to communicate to the records of science.

We must all hope that the duckbill now on its way will survive the voyage. Two earlier ones died at sea and arrived at the Zoo preserved in ice. One was received alive in New York a few years ago at a cost of £300, but lived only a few days in its new home.

## A NEW GATEWAY TO SOUTH WALES?

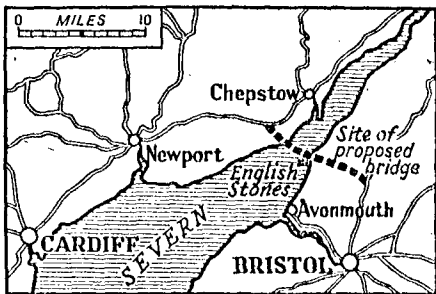
### Across the Severn

#### CHANCE FOR THE TRANSPORT MINISTER

The engineering firm of Sir Alexander Gibb has lost no time in supplying to the Roads Improvement Association a technical report on the proposed bridge across the Severn estuary.

At present there are two ways of crossing, by the railway tunnel and by a ferry which, though quite efficient, does not run at night. A new gateway to South Wales is badly needed.

The report recommends one of two sites—at Chepstow or at English Stones, five miles nearer the sea. Either bridge



would cost a little over £1,500,000, though the English Stones bridge would be twice as long as the other. There would be little difference in the cost of maintenance, however, because the Chepstow bridge would need more steel.

The engineers recommend the English Stones bridge because it would bring the centres of population in England and Wales closer together, the foundations can be laid with greater ease, and the difficulties of navigation can be overcome more readily.

Either bridge would serve 2500 vehicles a day. A toll on about half that number would cover the balance of cost and maintenance, provided the Ministry of Transport made its highest possible grant.

## END OF A RAILWAY

### The Little Line of Lynton

#### SADNESS OF THE SMALL HAMLETS

One of our toy railways is to disappear, the Lynton-Barnstaple Railway in North Devon.

It will not be in existence after the end of this month, for on September 30 the whole of the Lilliputian rolling-stock and track, the track under two feet wide, is to be sold, as the line has been a dead loss to the Southern Railway for many years.

The carriages of this toy railway overhang their narrow-gauge wheels by quite a foot and a half on each side, and the engines, though small, are very powerful, for the line, starting from Barnstaple at sea-level, climbs its 18-mile twisting journey to Lynton until at that terminus it reaches a height of 850 feet above the sea, the route for the most part lying over the wildest and most beautiful moorland scenery.

The people of Lynton and the outlying villages are greatly perturbed at the passing of their little railway. For one thing, food prices will go up when the produce comes by road. There is some talk of the Lynton Council taking the line over, but it is doubtful if they can succeed where the Southern Railway failed to make it pay.

One important question arises, however. The toy railway, winding through such hamlets as Parracombe and Woody Bay, has greatly developed these villages, otherwise cut off from the world.

The railway brought trade and new industries to many a hamlet, and with the passing of the toy line it is considered that it may be only a matter of time before these hamlets relapse into their former state of seclusion.

#### Old Friends

Lying in the grave of Mrs Kendal, the famous actress, is a sprig of rosemary from the gardens of Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson, two old friends of world fame.

## THE NOBLE DREAM OF KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE

### A Place in the Sun For All

#### THE GREAT SPACES WAITING FOR OUR SLUM CHILDREN

Fifty more British boys, drawn from the poorest quarters of our distressed areas, are to have a splendid chance in life.

They have just left for that fine land British Columbia. As they are all under ten they will be able to forget the evil circumstances in which they were reared.

They are going to the new Fairbridge Farm School at Vancouver Island, which it is hoped to make, on its 1000 acres, a working home for hundreds of little migrants.

A booklet has reached us with photographs of the Farm School in Western Australia and of the fortunate children who went to it and have grown up to manhood there, and with pictures of the new Farm School, on the same model, in British Columbia.

When we look at these pictures it hurts us to think of the children in our slums and the great spaces waiting for them. Fairbridge Schools everywhere, say we, instead of empty spaces. It is not only Italy that needs room for expansion, but the slum people of England too.

#### A Way Out For the Few

In reporting on one of the Distressed Areas the Manchester University Survey said that the worst aspect of the position was the absence of openings for young people, which was crowding children into a few blind-alley occupations and threatening to continue to produce for the next quarter of a century unemployed and unemployable.

The Fairbridge Farm Schools provide a way out for the fortunate few. They take the children young, they bring them up in sunshine, and show them in places where they will make their living how to do it. The young visitor learns:

*To plough and sow and reap and hoe  
And be a farmer's boy,*

and the children learn more than that. They learn to be good settlers and good citizens. They see the world and learn from it.

Let us remember the words Kingsley Fairbridge wrote in outlining his dream:

*I saw great Colleges of Agriculture (not workhouses) springing up in every man-hungry corner of the Empire. I saw little children shedding the bondage of bitter circumstances and stretching their legs and minds amid the thousand interests of the farm. I saw waste turned to providence, the waste of unneeded humanity converted to the husbandry of unpeopled acres.*

## LOOKING AFTER THE FUTURE

### Measuring the Children

It is good to see that the system of measuring London's schoolchildren is now coming into operation.

All children are to be weighed and measured at regular intervals of six months, save those who were 12 or over last June.

For the individual child the measuring will often mean physical salvation, for all cases of failure to attain normal weight or showing signs of malnutrition will be investigated.

Children below the average will be referred to the school nurse, an additional staff having been provided for the purpose. Thus every London child will be, in a very new sense, the care of society. It is one more sign that we are beginning to look after the future.



## TWELVE TRAVELLERS

Blown Out of Their  
Course At Sea?

### PIGEONS CROSS THE WORLD BOTH WAYS

Twelve racing pigeons which alighted on the liner Rangitane, when she was three days out from London and 700 miles from the nearest land, have just had a sea voyage of three months to New Zealand and back.

On June 30, when the Rangitane had covered 700 miles of her 12,000 journey to New Zealand, a flock of pigeons was seen hovering round the ship. The birds alighted on the deck in an exhausted condition, and after 24 hours of rest and careful attention they were completely recovered and able to take up their quarters in a cage made for them.

It is presumed that the pigeons were taking part in a race between France and England and had been blown off their course by strong winds.

### WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

#### A Nettle and a Million Men

In a long life in Fleet Street we have read many incredible things, and this from a speech made in Sheffield by Lieutenant-Colonel Wylde seems to us one of the most incredible of all.

I have seen a new cloth in the United States which may put a million men in this country out of work. You cannot distinguish it from silk.

It is exquisitely beautiful and made from the common stinging nettle. It is harvested and turned into this marvellous cloth without being touched by human hand, and you will all be wanting it when it comes out. It takes dye perfectly and beautifully, and it is so strong that cloth thinner than a bank-note is stronger than the human hand can tear. Its cost is about a quarter that of paper or cotton, and it is going to be the greatest curse for humanity under the present financial system that you can possibly imagine.

It will ruin our cotton industry, it will hit the silk and rayon industry, and it is going to cost a million men in England their jobs. Thousands of banks will be broken, and the new cloth will also capsize the land values all over the world.

### SEPTEMBER GALES

#### The Legacy of the Wild Bees

The Autumn gales, coming a month too early, played havoc with the trees and gardens.

They cut down the dahlias and found an easy prey in trees still weighted with summer leaves; sparing neither young nor old. A famous victim was the only tree on the Isle of Portland, a veteran famed far and wide. Another beautiful birch we saw lying, like a silver lady, uprooted on a Kent hilltop, lifted from the ground complete and unhurt except that it must die.

But the gale, by way of compensation, exposed in the fallen trunk on Portland a hundredweight of honey, the legacy of generations of wild bees. Where will the bees go now to hide the treasure trove with which they sweeten toil?

### GERMANY'S GOOD DEED

#### The Serb's Law Book

Germany has given back to Yugoslavia a great treasure.

It is the Book of Laws prepared by the Serb Parliament at the command of Tsar Dushan, and published in 1349. The manuscript was a national trophy, as precious to patriots and historians of the Serb race as Magna Carta is to us.

During the retreat of the Serbian Army in the Great War this famous manuscript fell into German hands, saved from a burning train.

## THE WATER WAGTAIL AT GIBRALTAR POINT

Nesting Under Difficulties

Why does a water wagtail nest in a dredging machine?

This is not a riddle, but a question that must have been puzzling the engineer in charge of a dredger at Gibraltar Point near Skegness. He is Mr Dickinson, and early this year he found the beginnings of a nest on the dredger.

The dredger has an arm (or jib) which swings from side to side and can be raised and lowered by wire ropes on winding drums. It is worked by a Diesel engine, which makes so much noise that conversation is impossible near it, and the vibration is tremendous. Yet the water wagtails chose one of the winding drums for their nest.

The ordinary working of the dredger, by lowering the arm, would have destroyed the nest, and Mr Dickinson climbed up the jib each week to grease the pulleys, instead of lowering the jib. Each day after the machine finished work an egg was found, until there were six, and one of the birds sat on the nest every time the engine ceased. Perhaps the heat of the engine helped to keep the eggs warm the rest of the time, for four young ones were hatched.

For the first few days they were fed only when the engine stopped at lunch-time, but after that the mother brought food even while the engine was running. Presently the young wagtails began to climb about, and the driver kept an anxious eye on them as they fluttered near the machinery. One casualty occurred at this time. Then two of the birds were missing, and at lunch-time the parents came for the last one, and they were not seen again.

### AN EARLY ARTS AND CRAFTS MAN

#### His Harvest After Many Days

A London school-teacher who 50 years ago had the idea of teaching children how to use their hands as well as their minds has at last met with a reward.

At the exhibition of the London Schools Guild of Arts and Crafts a bronze panel by Sir William Reid Dick told his story, and it is to be hung in Beethoven Street Schools, where his pioneer experiment began.

He started a woodwork class in a shed in the playground and taught the children how to use chisel and plane and saw, but the authorities frowned on this daring attempt to mingle handicraft with reading, writing, and arithmetic. They ordered the class to be disbanded and made the teacher pay for the wood out of his own pocket.

But, though the seed seemed to have fallen on the stony ground of minds incapable of understanding, it was not lost. Its harvest is scattered far and wide, but the fine flower of it was shown in the exhibition at the Institute of Education in Southampton Row, where there were examples of work not only in wood, but in metal, silk, wool, canvas, and paper, and leather. How it must please Dr Jacks, who, as we noted last week, insists that education of the body is the first step in educating the mind.

### SUNDAY WITH THE CLOWNS

Clowns and circus folk have their serious side and are not always dressed in absurd little hats and pantaloons or spangled dresses.

When the Bertram Mills circus visited Bellahouston a service was held on the Sunday in the circus tent. The Ringmaster read the lesson, the orchestra led the service, and the congregation of clowns, acrobats, and tightrope walkers did their part in making the service such a success that it was the talk of the neighbourhood.

## THE LAST PARADE ON THE BIRKENHEAD

Diving To the Wreck

### A PROUD AND TRAGIC MEMORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY

The news on the CN World Map that it is being arranged to dive down to the wreck of the Birkenhead (which may have £250,000 on board) stirs a pathetic and dramatic memory, for the loss of this troopship 83 years ago was one of the saddest tragedies in our island story.

The name of the ship is written on no regimental flag, but the record of the deed of which it was a witness is one never to be erased from British hearts as an example of discipline and heroism.

On February 25, 1852, the Birkenhead, carrying 500 soldiers, their wives and children, and 134 crew to the Cape, was nearing Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point of Africa. At night, while most were sleeping, the ship struck a rock with a crash that awoke everyone and became jammed on a reef. Some must have been unaware of what had happened, but all soon learned, for sailors hurried frightened women and children from below, and as soon as they reached the deck they could see boats being lowered into the dark sea invading it. While the women and children were being cared for the troops awaited orders.

#### Unflinching in Face of Death

They were commanded by their officers to fall in on deck, and there they stood, rank by rank, disciplined and orderly, among all the terror and confusion. They watched the boats lowered, one large and two small, filled with wives and mothers and children. They could do nothing but obey, and they remained as steadfast in their obedience as the Roman sentinel at Pompeii. The Birkenhead was steadily breaking up.

There were three boats left which, if nothing went wrong, might avail for saving these unflinching men, but a deck timber crushed one and the other two were swamped as soon as launched by some failure of the lowering tackle. Still the men stood. The captain gave the order that all might now save themselves as best they could, but a higher authority intervened. The colonel of the regiment, his voice rising clear, told his men that if they swam for the laden boats they would be swamped at once and the women and children drowned as well as themselves.

#### Self-Sacrifice of the Soldiers

There was no time for further explanation, no need for further exhortation. The soldiers of the Birkenhead went down rank by rank into the sea as if on parade.

When the boats with the women and children reached the shore and were unloaded on the beach they pushed back to the wreck and picked up some survivors. A few hardy swimmers reached the shore and a few more clinging to wreckage were eventually rescued, but the greater number of these gallant men were never seen again.

### BEST KIND OF BOMB

#### Costs £40,000 and Saves Life

The best kind of bomb in the world is the radium bomb, and unfortunately there are not enough of such bombs.

Westminster Hospital is looking forward to its second, which will contain twice as much radium as the 2-gramme bomb it now uses.

Costing £40,000, the new bomb will be used at a bigger distance from the patient, yet its radiations will penetrate deeper into the tissues. So valuable are these bombs that they are always in use, relays of operators having used the present bomb on over 600 patients day and night for the past two years.

## Ready To Defend



This Abyssinian warrior of the desert region is one of those



## and His Country

### THE PENNILESS TRAMP OF UMTATA

The Chance That Came Along

FIRST LIFT IN THE AIR?

Early one evening a tramp arrived at Umtata, in South Africa, worn out with his journey from East London.

He had made his way from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth as a stowaway on a mail-boat. From there to East

London he had begged rides, walking when refused, till Umtata was reached.

Penniless and utterly worn out, he had spent the night under a hedge; and here he was discovered by Mr T. Blacker, who took him in and gave him breakfast. To him he told his story, adding that he had friends in Durban but did not know how he was to get there.

Overhead an aeroplane was circling, and by the signals it was evident that it meant to land. Mr Blacker hurried out to the aerodrome, about two miles away, with supplies of petrol; as agent for the Shell company he understood the signs and was on the spot almost as soon as the plane landed. The young aviator, Mr J. G. Buchan, was en route to Durban, and finding his petrol running short had decided to call at Umtata.

#### A Place With a Future

This city, the capital of the Transkeian Territories, only a spot on the map, lies about half way between East London and Durban. It is the centre of an immense native population and is on the main route of the proposed National Road. It is destined to become a very important centre as time passes.

"Any chance of a passenger, Mr Blacker?"

"None that I know of."

"Why don't you come along? I'll be back to-night."

"Can't possibly. But (continued Mr Blacker) I have a tramp at my house who wants to get to Durban. Would you care to take him? He can't pay anything."

"I will," replied Mr Buchan. And he did.

On their arrival a crowd quickly assembled to see the ragged tramp who had come by air, surely the first time a tramp had been offered a lift like this.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WRITES TO JOSEPH BANKS

This is what Benjamin Franklin wrote to Sir Joseph Banks at the close of the War of Independence 150 years ago.

I join with you in rejoicing at the return of peace.

I hope it will be lasting and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats. What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility!

What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, rendering England a complete paradise, might have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good which have been spent in doing mischief, in bringing misery into thousands of families and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people who might have performed useful labour.

### WORLD PICTURES FOR WATFORD

What the School Has Given the Town

Asia is ready for the young people of Watford.

A few years ago a junior section of the Public Library was opened, and the Watford Art School has well begun its task of providing a world background for this world of books.

For the next three years many of the students who pass through the school will have a part in painting six panels representing the peoples of the world, their industries, customs, and methods of transport.

One panel is devoted to each continent, the sixth panel bearing a map of the world. On another page we reproduce a photograph of the panel of Asia, the first continent to be finished. We see a junk and a rickshaw, a Chinese with a kite, Tibetan dancers, a decdar, a pagoda, the Forbidden City of Lhasa, and lovely Fujiyama. Next come an Afridi, a Benares brass-worker, and other Indians, including a prince on an elephant. A Persian rugmaker is at work next to a representative of Turkey in Asia, Lawrence of Arabia stands by a camel, and behind him is the Holy Stone at Mecca.

It is an admirable thing that an art school should undertake work of this kind for a town library. We expect the children of every town will soon be clamouring for a library to bring the world home to them too in pictures as well as in books. *Picture on page 3*

### 10,000 HOMELESS PEOPLE Assyrians For Syria

The problem of the Assyrians has again been before the League, and if sufficient money can be found as many as wish will be transferred to Syria.

At the end of last year it was hoped to settle the homeless Assyrians in British Guiana, but the League found that the difficulties were too great, and it is now hoped that these unhappy people will find a home in Syria on the banks of the River Nahr-el-Ahzy, the ancient Orontes on which the city of Antioch stands.

France, which holds a mandate for Syria, has given the land, and it will be possible to build villages in the shadow of the mountains, where the Assyrians can grow cotton and rice and raise live stock. Irrigation will be necessary, and schemes are proposed which will cost £800,000. Irak has offered £125,000 toward the settlement, and the British Government is prepared to contribute £250,000.

It is not expected that more than 10,000 Assyrians will have to be provided for.

### GRAIN WITHOUT HUSKS Something New For Farmers

At Bocking in Norfolk a new sort of oats has been shown to a great congregation of farmers.

It is pure grain with no husks. Less than 50 pounds will sow an acre, against nearly 170 of ordinary seed.

This new seed is the result of 19 years of research work and has never before been grown in England. The crop looks splendid.

At Bocking also the farmers saw a new reaper-elevator. This machine clears the field as the corn is cut, and every grain is collected. A drying machine has also appeared, to work in with this reaper, obviating such damage as is done to stacks by rats and birds.

Workmen removing varnish in the ancient Cheshire church of Mottram-in-Longdendale found beneath it some rare and lovely old carving.

### A GREAT MYSTERY

Treading on Fire

REMARKABLE SCENE IN A GARDEN

A great deal remains to be explained about the extraordinary feat of a young Kashmiri Indian who walked barefooted over coals of fire in a Surrey garden.

The facts must speak for themselves. Two trenches, about 12 feet long and 8 inches deep, were filled with logs and firewood and oak charcoal. When the fire lit in the trenches had been stoked for eight hours the charcoal on top had reached a temperature of 800 degrees.

Along this fiery furnace Kuda Bux, the young Indian, walked twice slowly, his feet resting on the burning charcoal for five seconds at each journey. After both walks his feet were examined by a surgeon of St Mary's Hospital, London, and neither foot showed any trace of injury or scorching.

#### Reliable Witnesses

This strange feat was performed at Carshalton in the presence of a number of people who had been invited to witness it and whose good faith is beyond question. Among them were several doctors, one of whom attempted the same walk with most unpleasant results.

Firewalking is a well-known performance in India, and is known in New Zealand, Japan, Trinidad, and several Pacific islands. It is usually associated with religious ceremonies, and Europeans who have witnessed it attribute its possibility to the hardened soles acquired by the firewalkers after long and continuous practice. The other theory put forward to account for it is that it represents the triumph of mind over body.

A commonplace explanation which we put forward with great diffidence is that Kuda Bux is insensitive to this form of pain, perhaps owing to long discipline for the purpose of making himself immune against heat. Certainly, however, it is a very great mystery.

### THE GHETTO AGAIN

The Persecuted Jews

GERMANY'S RETURN TO THE MIDDLE AGES

The revival of the Ghetto in Germany is the last word in Jewish humiliation.

It takes us back to old bad days when the Ghetto was the walled enclosure, with gates locked at night, in which Jews were compelled to live. Ghettos were once common in Europe, but they disappeared by common consent in the middle of the last century.

Mr Ernest Lesser, commenting on the Nazi persecution, points out that the great majority of the half-million German Jews now cut off from the rest of the people are members of communities settled in Germany for centuries, some even from Roman times. These people are, in fact, as truly German as any Aryan German so-called, and both in peace and in war, during all their age-long settlement on German soil, they have given countless proofs of their complete loyalty to Germany and all that Germany stands for.

Of one thing we may be sure. However much the Nazis injure the German Jews, they will hurt themselves far more.

#### MATTHEW SOLOMON

When the anti-Nazi rioters boarded the German liner Bremen in New York Harbour a detective stoutly resisted them and protected the Swastika flag.

The North German Lloyd Line rewarded this brave man with a present of £30 for "special police duty." We wonder what will happen to the captain of the Bremen when Hitler hears of it, for the man's name is Matthew Solomon and he is a Jew!

*Hath not a Jew hands, hath not a Jew courage?*



## A GREEN FIELD IN BOSTON

AMERICA'S OLDEST COMMON

Why Its People Think So Much of It

### CITY REMEMBERING EARLY DAYS

The city of Boston, U.S.A., is celebrating the tercentenary of its common, the oldest in America. Many historical events connected with it are being reproduced on it this year.

Let us see why the Bostonians think so much of their common.

In 1630 the Puritans, led by John Winthrop, established themselves at Charlestown, but found there was insufficient fresh water. A Mr Blaxton invited them to settle on his estate on the neighbouring peninsula, and on his departure five years later allowed them to purchase the ground for £30. Here Boston grew up.

### The Pilgrims in New England

From the early days of history it had been customary in Europe for some part of each town to be held by the people in common. This system was well established in England, and the pilgrims in New England put aside a common field before dividing up the rest of the land.

We read of trees being planted on the common because the cattle could not find enough shade, and of a beacon tower built because surprise attacks by Indians were feared. This tower gave quite a style to the place, so that it became a favourite resort for walkers and riders.

In 1720 spinning was introduced and became popular, and on the common might be seen a crowd of women all busy with spinning-wheels and vying with each other for speed.

Three years later the records state: "The Indian delegates from B camped out on the common. They had an Ox given to them, which they killed with Bows and Arrows, and in the Evening a Fire was made on the common, and a Kettle hung over it, in which part of said Ox was boiled, where they Danced after their own manner in presence of some of our principal gentlemen, and also some Thousands of Spectators."

In 1740 George Whitefield was invited to preach in Boston, and thousands of people met on the common daily to hear the young but already popular preacher.

### The Frenchmen and the Frogs

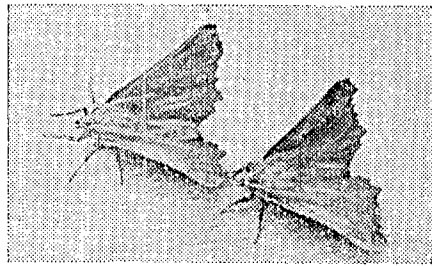
Perhaps the most amusing memory connected with the common is of one summer's day when the officers of the French fleet were invited to a huge dinner-party there. Tradition said that frogs were the favourite dish of the French, and marshes and streams were combed for 500 good ones. When the French officers sat down to the banquet table each one, to his amazement, found a frog in his plate of soup. Thinking it was a dish of the country, the visitors obeyed the law of hospitality and pretended to enjoy the frogs, while their hosts were doing the same. After dinner the secret came out, and both sides had a good laugh over it. No doubt the Frenchmen pointed out that it was only the legs of the frog which were sometimes eaten in France.

The pageant of Boston Common is so popular that other cities are thinking of bringing history to life in the same way.

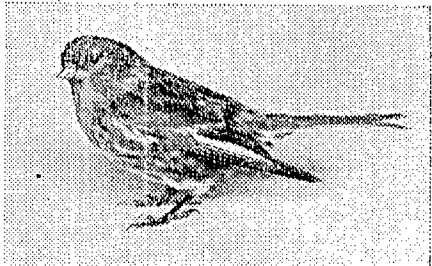
### THE TERRIER AND THE STAMPS

The other day a Scotch terrier attempted to digest a book of postage stamps. After well chewing them he gave it up in disgust, and the bits were carefully collected and sent up to the G.P.O., who promptly refunded the value of the stamps.

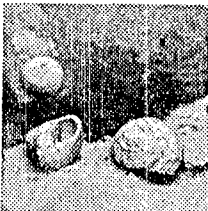
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



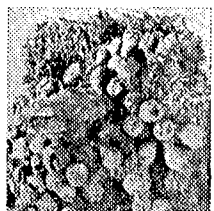
The autumn thorn moth, one of the prettiest of late summer moths, holds its antennae backward



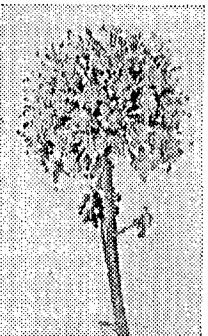
Large flocks of the pretty twite begin to migrate



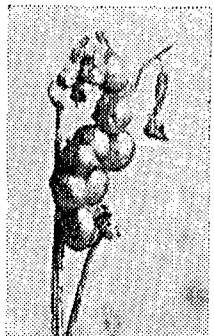
The pearly-tops are among those shells now to be found on the seashore



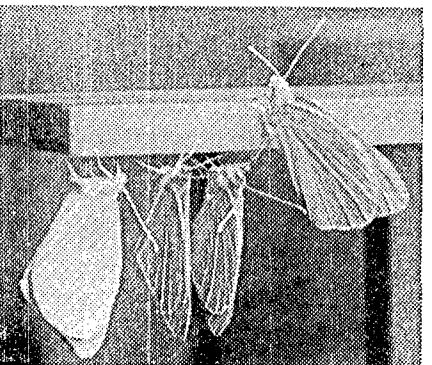
On fallen branches and rotten wood the pear-shaped puffball may be seen



The yellow-green flower of the common ivy begins to bloom



These cocoons of a weevil are now looking like seed-heads



The last of the white butterflies are seen on the wing



The jack snipe has arrived for the winter

## KING WILLOW

An Enemy of the Bat

THE MICROBE CARRIED FROM TREE TO TREE

This year's reign of King Willow, as cricketers call the bat, has ended, leaving many happy memories.

He will revive next May, but meanwhile, summer and winter, the willow which makes the bat is assailed by one of the most treasonable of enemies. Most enemies of trees are fungi. The elm tree disease which has caused such damage and anxiety in Holland and England is of that kind, but the enemy of the willow is a microbe, carried from tree to tree by a wood-boring wasp.

### A Tree With a History

The effect on the tree is not only to destroy it from the top, but to produce a stain like a watermark on the wood below. Such wood is unsuitable for cricket bats, and the loss to growers has been great. The only remedy yet found is to cut down the trees infected with the watermark.

We have many species of willow, each with its own excellence, and all have played some part in our history and literature. Willows formed the framework of the coracles in which our ancestors first became mariners. Herodotus had found the same sort of boats in use in Babylon, and our soldiers saw the same type of craft sailing the same historic waters during the war, 23 centuries later, made from what we call weeping willows.

These were the willows Isaiah had in mind when he promised the Israelites that they should grow numerous as "willows by the watercourses," trees to gladden the hearts of a people longing for water in a dry land. The note of gladness departed with the Captivity, for then, carried prisoners to Babylon, the Israelites, bidden sing the songs of Zion, wept and "hung their harps on the willows in the midst thereof."

### Napoleon's Favourite Haunt

It was not this species of willow of which Spenser and Shakespeare wrote, for it is believed that another poet, Pope, first introduced the weeping willow in the 18th century, deriving his stock from the willow rods binding a basket of figs which he received from Smyrna. The twigs, planted as cuttings in his Twickenham garden, grew into trees, and are supposed to have been the ancestral stock of our weeping willows.

From a descendant of one of these, or from a rival source, General Beaton took cuttings to St Helena and developed a tree in whose shade Napoleon loved to sit when a prisoner there. At his death slips of this willow were planted about his grave, and from these cuttings came home again, to furnish new trees for many English gardens.

### ECHO OF CIVIL WAR

We are glad to hear that the old gateway of Rushall Hall near Walsall has been scheduled as an ancient monument.

This old gateway, standing on high ground amid pit mounds and brick-yards, belongs to that stirring era in England's history when men ranged themselves with King or Parliament.

Sir Edward Leigh held Rushall for the Parliament. In his absence in 1643 it was attacked by Prince Rupert, and, in spite of a gallant defence by Mistress Leigh and her servants, it fell. But next year it was recaptured.

It is pleasant to know that Sir Edward Leigh was a merciful man and used his influence to help his old enemies.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Capella . . . . . Kah-pel-ah  
Chalcis . . . . . Kal-sis  
Neanderthal . . . . . Nay-ahn-der-tahl  
Seychelles . . . . . Say-shel

## OLD ENGLAND FROM THE SKY

OAK TEMPLE OF 35 CENTURIES AGO

How the Aeroplane is Rewriting Ancient History

### A SECOND WOODHENGE

Norwich antiquarians have been busy this summer in putting to the test of the spade some curious markings on a photograph of a field at Arminghall taken from an aeroplane six years ago. As they expected, they have found another Woodhenge.

Woodhenge is the name given to a wooden forerunner of Stonehenge, the first example having also been discovered by an airman who was flying over Amesbury. This Wiltshire site was excavated by Mrs Cunningham eight years ago, and sufficient evidence was obtained for an excellent model to be made and placed in Devizes Museum, where we have seen it.

### Clues on the Photographs

Eight dark patches within a broad ring shaped like a horseshoe and, beyond, a narrower ring were the clues on the photographs first taken at Arminghall, two miles from Norwich. Others were made in order that exact measurements could be plotted. Walking over the site, nothing but a very low circular bank could be seen, but when actual work was begun both circles appeared as a pattern in the grass. Lest the drought should interfere with the work the outer edges of the circles were whitewashed and the Norwich Aero Club took more photographs.

The full diameter of the outer circle is 262 feet and the central area is 87 feet across. This area was entered by a causeway of solid gravel across a gap in the inmost ditch, which was over seven feet deep and could not have been dug until the posts of the temple had been set up.

These posts stood where the eight dark patches showed in the photograph, and examination proved that they were charred at their base for preservation and then buried to a depth of seven feet. They were of oak, three feet in diameter, and elaborate ramps were necessary to set them upright.

### Prehistoric Valhallas

The position of these ramps prove that the posts were dragged downhill into position before the ditch was dug. In the ditch were found traces of fire and fragments of pottery, which are marked as if by a finger-nail in the style prevalent between the years 1800 and 1500 B.C., the beginning of the Bronze Age. It is clear that the pottery is contemporary with the ditch, so that this temple was built some 3500 years ago.

No burials took place within this area, but photographs taken from the air have revealed the traces of round barrows in the neighbourhood. Exactly the same thing distinguishes Woodhenge and Stonehenge, proving that these three shrines were temples around which the chieftains of the Bronze Age were buried, Valhallas of Prehistoric Britain.

### THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY

What folly! Economic statistics have just been published in New York covering America's destruction of food products for 1934, owing to the lack of markets and the lowness of prices offered.

The following figures are given:

A million wagons of wheat,  
267,000 wagons of coffee,  
247,000 tons of sugar,  
24,850 tons of rice,  
24,000 tons of meat.

This does not include destruction of food supplies through public calamity, but only that deliberately destroyed.



## KEEP YOUR COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

### Arthur Mee's Ride Round England

By a Yorkshire Secretary of the CPRE

Readers of the CN will remember that Arthur Mee's fourth day of tour brought him to Rievaulx Abbey and the Yorkshire moors.

It may interest some to know how the children who live in this fine corner of England care for it.

There are groups of boys and girls at Rievaulx and Helmsley and in thirty other villages round who have taken the CPRE promise to "Do their best to keep the country clean and beautiful," and the other day, at the invitation of their president, the Earl of Feversham, they all met on the lawns of Duncombe Park at Helmsley.

For three years some of these children have been saving flowers and keeping spotless the bright village greens.

#### Litter and Sublimity

But grown-up people are not very encouraging, for they continue to throw away their litter. Arthur Mee has spoken of that famous view-point between Pickering and Whitby, where he looked down into an oval basin of moorland a mile round. At this sublime spot litter is allowed each summer to spread and accumulate. Soon the influx of sightseers will cease and their litter will decay in the winds and rains of autumn. But when the first burst of spring sunshine tempts townsmen to the moors in 1936 must the local inhabitants be greeted with an unwelcome shower of discarded litter?

Not if those who use these moors are decent folk, leaving beauty as they find it, instead of strewing their rubbish everywhere to spoil the scene until somebody else has picked it up.

## SAFER LONDON

### Subway To Five Streets

Another of London's most dangerous crossings is being replaced by subways.

At a cost of £25,000 they are being built to connect five busy thoroughfares near Monument Station at the London Bridge approach. On this site was once the Boar's Head Tavern, the haunt of Prince Hal and his evil genius Falstaff.

It has been by no means plain digging. Working underground for months the men had to divert 44,000 telegraph wires and a gas main. So well have they worked that the subways should be open by December.

To make room for the refuge the 20-ton bronze and granite statue of William the Fourth has been removed to Greenwich, where it will be put up on a site at the Seamen's Hospital and unveiled next year.

## NATURE'S LIGHTHOUSE

### The Lamp In the Rock

The port of Brixham possesses the only underground lighthouse in the country.

It is at Berry Head, more than 300 feet above sea-level, and is in such a wonderful natural position that it has been unnecessary to build higher.

The revolving gear is embedded in a solid foundation of rock 30 feet deep, and only the projector shows above the surface. Although it gives out a beam with an intensity of 15,000 candle-power this searchlight has a burner smaller than most ordinary house mantles.

When it is set in motion the light revolves automatically, flashing twice every 15 seconds, and on clear nights can be seen more than 30 miles away.

## IF THE SUN BECAME A NEW STAR

If our Sun has not already had its flare-up the day may come when it will burst.

Such is the dire prospect disclosed by the Astronomer Royal in considering the appearance of what are called new stars. A new star is an old one which, after growing larger or less heavy for its size for millions of years, suddenly for reasons unknown bursts like a bubble.

This idea is not a mere speculation, but is founded on observations astronomers have been able to make of one of the new stars for 12 years. A new star, after suddenly and enormously increasing in brightness, continues to increase for a time and then begins to fade. Its heat does not increase, but only its surface, and it has been shown that this bright surface is like a shell enclosing the kernel, ever getting larger and larger as it expands.

The end of the story is that after this shell of thrown-off gas has run its course the star will shrink again to something smaller and hotter than before, falling away from a giant star to a dwarf. Some of the newest stars in their brief transfiguration become as much as 16,000,000 times as bright as they appeared to be before.

Before we grow nervous about the fate of our own Sun we may like to remember that these explosions do not occur often. In the Andromeda nebula (an island universe about the same size as our own) 30 new stars appear each year. As they are all very distant they are only perceived by astronomers, who are aware that the catastrophe took place nearly a million years ago, and it appears that if and when a star does explode the event will only happen once in 3000 million years.

## ROMAN TEMPLE UNDER A VILLAGE CHURCH?

A SERVICE has been held on the roof of the strangest little church in Hampshire, or in all England. Probably it is not a church at all, but a Roman Mithraic temple.

An old man in Chilton Candover told the rector one day that there was a buried church in the village, and a golden calf hidden somewhere near it. Search was made, and the buried church was found, a flint building of great antiquity, only 39 feet long and 9 feet high.

The temples built to Mithras were partly or completely underground, to resemble the cave into which he was dragged when fighting with the sacred bull. A calf or bull symbolised Mithras.

On a recent Sunday Christian prayers were said, first on the roof and then in the

building, when every member of the congregation carried a candle. Mithras has lost his temple.

In some ways Mithraism resembled Christianity. It praised courage and purity, it admitted slaves as well as patricians to its mysteries, and it promised reward or punishment in the after world. At the beginning of the third century it seemed as if it might become the universal religion. But the Man of Sorrows has conquered the legendary hero who made a treaty with the Sun and slew the sacred bull.

It is remarkable that the tradition about a golden calf should have been handed down, after all these centuries, to link an English village with Roman times.

## THE CN QUESTION BOX

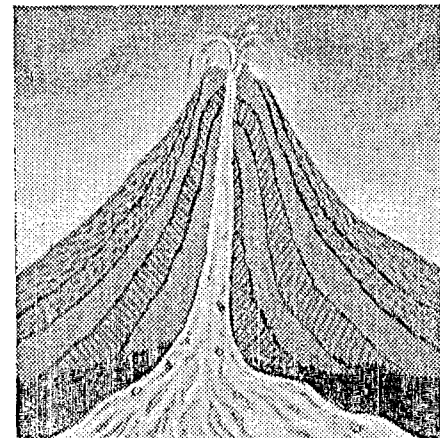
Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Did the Mountain Peaks Get Pointed?

MOUNTAINS are generally more or less pyramid or cone-shaped. As the molten interior of the Earth gets cooler the crust shrinks and crumples up, as the peel of an orange does when the orange is getting dry. The crumpled-up crust forms a line of mountains, and owing to the roundness of the Earth the



The shrinking of the Earth in cooling wrinkled its crust and made a mountain range. Through long ages weather wore down the upper part, which crumbled to the bottom, leaving the peak sharp and broadening the base.



Sometimes the head of a mountain is shaped like a cone by a volcano pouring out molten rock.

line is broken up into a series of separate mountains.

All the time the mountains thus formed are being worn away by wind, rain, snow, and ice, and the upper part, being so open and exposed, is worn away more quickly than the lower part.

which is protected by surrounding hills. The material worn away from the upper part falls or is carried down by rain and river, and makes the bottom part of the mountain bigger, and so in course of time the mountain has assumed its rough pyramid shape. In the case of volcanoes the pouring out from time to time of thousands of tons of molten rock which has run down the sides has tended to make these mountains more or less conical in shape, as in the lower picture.

**What is the Origin of the Chinese Dragon?**  
It may have been some extinct relative of the Giant Lizard of Komodo.

#### What is Calendering?

A process of rolling fabrics between cylinders, which are usually heated, to produce a smooth and glossy surface.

#### What is Laughing Gas?

Nitrous oxide gas. Discovered by Joseph Priestley in 1776, it was first used in 1867 as a mild anaesthetic in dentistry. Today it is usually administered mixed with oxygen.

#### Why is the Jew's Harp So Named?

Two reasons have been given: one, that Jew is a corruption of jaw; and two, that Jew is derived from the French *jeu*—in which case the instrument should be called a toy harp.

#### What is the Serjeant-at-Arms?

An officer of the Crown who serves the House of Commons as custodian of the Mace, maintains order, arrests offenders against the privileges of the House, acts as gaoler of those the House decides to put under arrest, and hands over to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod all commoners about to be impeached. The office dates from the 14th century.

#### Who Were the Original Inhabitants of New Zealand?

It is not known. When the Maoris arrived in North Island, possibly from Samoa or Raratonga about 1350, they found inhabitants there of a racial origin similar to their own. Some authorities believe that the remnants of these earlier people, called Morioris or Maorioris, migrated to the Chatham Islands and became extinct about 20 years ago.

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

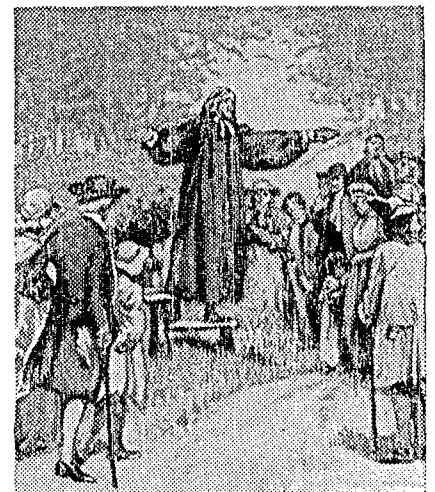
### If It Is Next Week

- Sept. 29. New River first flowed into London 1613  
30. George Whitefield died near Boston 1770  
Oct. 1. The great Earl of Shaftesbury died 1885  
2. Aristotle died at Chalcis . . . . . B.C. 322  
3. William Morris died in London . . . . . 1896  
4. St Francis of Assisi died near Assisi . . . . . 1226  
5. French Revolution ended . . . . . 1795

#### A Friend of Wesley

George Whitefield, one of the most popular preachers who has ever appealed to the English-speaking world, was the son of a Gloucester publican, and served drinks in his father's tap-room.

Later he went to Oxford, and at the university came under the influence of



George Whitefield preaching

John Wesley. Both were members of the Church of England. They were distressed at the low morality of the English people and the indifference of the great bulk of the clergy.

When they tried to raise the nation to a deeper sense of religion they were refused entrance to many church pulpits, and so had to preach in the open air. This they did to enormous crowds, with wonderful results, in spite of persistent persecution, until the public was won over to admiration.

Whitefield preached throughout the United Kingdom, and visited America seven times. Often he preached 40 hours in a week, to tens of thousands.

## NOTHING TO DO ON HOLIDAY

### A Good Idea Being Carried Out

Who does not know the disconsolate schoolboy who, after the first flush of freedom from lessons is over and the weeks lengthen, finds that he has nothing to do and nowhere to go? In town and village there are scores of such.

Through the initiative of Major Rudolph B. Burney the Associated Schools Games Club has been founded. This is a new organisation to give boys continuous and directed recreation during their holidays. The hope is that the public schools will offer their playing-fields for this purpose. At the same time the club is to be the means of bringing together all sorts of boys in one happy companionship during their holidays in this way.

University College School, London, as the pioneer, began during the first week of August, and in a fortnight 150 boys were on its playing field.

The whole scheme is excellent, following out the thought of the Duke of York over his Schoolboys Camp; but in this case on a wider scale, for it is hoped it may spread through the country.

Let us also hope that football, a game even more enjoyable to the ordinary boy, is to follow cricket.

Already Alleyn's School at Dulwich has followed, and a second set of happy schoolboys have been seen there daily at healthful, organised recreation.



## THE SPIRIT OF THE GUIDE BADGE

### WHAT IT MEANT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

#### News From a Ditch in the Great War

#### LADY B-P's TRAVELOGUES

Travelogues. By Lady Baden-Powell. Pearson. 5s.

We have been looking at the little book the Chief Guide has written on her journeyings about the world, and we are sure it will have a much wider public than the Guides themselves will give it.

Lady Baden-Powell is seen on the cover oddly linked with her famous husband, whose glasses she has taken for a moment to look out upon the world. Seeing the world through the glasses of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide must



The Chief Scout and the Chief Guide

have been fun, but it is more than fun; it is a wonderful thing.

They have built up together the greatest spectacle of buoyant youth the world has ever seen, and we take one witness only from this book of what the Guide spirit means about the world.

Lady Baden-Powell has long known the chief Guide Commissioner of one of the European countries, but it was quite by chance that she heard this story of her during the journeys described in this book.

The story is of the early days of the war when this girl was acting as a nurse close up to the front, and after much fighting they were out rescuing wounded men. Suddenly there was a ghastly rush of the enemy, who came close round them, so that the girl, who is now a Guide Commissioner but was then a plain Guider, found herself carrying a wounded man in the dark, ringed in with enemies.

#### The Dying Man

As they crouched in a ditch the unhappy man clutched her hand and begged her not to leave him to die there alone. It was clear that he would die soon, poor fellow, and that if she stayed she might be captured any minute; and while realising this dilemma the girl caught sight of the Guide badge on her nurse's uniform. Remembering that a Guide's business is to "stick it," she resolved to stay, and all that night she sat there with the dying man. He died just before daybreak, and she was able to creep quietly away.

The Chief Guide takes us with her through Switzerland to Austria, on her wanderings in Italy and Malta, about Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Tangier, through the Suez Canal to India, and in the romantic West Indies, among the happy people of Burma, and so on. Through all her story runs the friendliness of the Guide Movement and the goodwill that beats in the hearts of Guides and Scouts everywhere. It is a fine picture of a happy and beautiful world in which every prospect pleases and only war and politics seem vile.

#### The Cost of a Sweet Tooth

We spend nearly a million pounds a week on our national sweet tooth, this gigantic sum including only chocolates and sweets.

To supply this weekly demand 86,000 workers are kept busily employed.

## LIKE A GREAT CATHEDRAL SPRINGING UP UNGUESSED AT

The consecration of Downside Abbey in Somerset has given England one more great cathedral-like church which will draw travellers to itself in tens of thousands. We have been to look at it.

It is one of our 20th-century surprises. It is like a great cathedral that has sprung up unguessed at by most of our people, and it stands like an architectural triumph in a natural paradise.

Set in the lovely country between Bath and Wells, Downside Abbey is the magnificent home of those French Benedictine monks driven from Douai in 1793 by the French Revolution. They had gone out from Elizabethan England to found a monastery at Douai, and it was persecution which drove them back to freedom. They stayed for 20 years at Acton Burnell in Shropshire, and founded Downside Abbey in the year before Waterloo.

#### Chapels Glowing With Colour

But it is only in our time that they have crowned their long story with this great white place rising from green terraces, with lawns and banks curving round it in wide sweeps, with noble trees and flowering shrubs, a marvellous sycamore which throws its shadow a hundred yards round, and a lovely Madonna, set in a small garden of forget-me-nots.

It is one of the noblest churches set up in our time. The choir was completed a little before the war, the nave a little after, and some of the magnificent wood carving is only just completed. It is all white and light and spacious, about 110 yards long, the choir about 70 feet high. The aisle and clerestory windows rise magnificent outside with an open parapet above and a great rose window; inside the long line of pointed arches is crowned by a triforium with two double arches in each bay. A dignified angel presides over each pillar of the lofty nave, and the roof is vaulted and has finely carved bosses.

The abbey is filled with small corners of great beauty, chapels complete with altars and glowing with colour. We can only describe one of the chapels here.

#### Craftsmanship From Italy

The lady chapel, approached by steps and screened by splendid iron gates crowned with winged angels, has an elaborately carved roof in which the bosses are designed to represent virtues and the capitals stand for flowers named after the Madonna. The alabaster reredos is panelled with scenes showing the Madonna and Jesus, and the frame of the panels is carved into a Jesse tree. Over the altar of this chapel hangs a canopy of great beauty and tenderness, with angels at the corners and the Madonna in gold. The nine windows are big and fine, and a great authority has declared them to be the best modern stained glass in England. They are effective without keeping back the light, though they have in them about 100 figures.

The choir, with impressive arches rising 35 feet, has between these arches stone angels bearing shields recalling men of interest to the abbey—priors, abbots, and benefactors. There are also lovely

and stately heads of kings and queens and saints among the foliage of the capitals, the work of Mr A. B. Wall of Cheltenham. The richly-carved choir stalls, the work of peasant craftsmen of Italy, are magnificent with rows of double canopies, one over each side and one over the carved saint in each of the niches above, so that there is probably 15 feet of tabernacle work with delicate wood carving reaching up in slender pinnacles.

There are 17 misericordes on each side of the choir, all carved as in olden days, and each seat has grotesques above with heads and faces on the arms which make a captivating picture as we look along them. The ivory cross on the high altar, with the figure 19 inches high, is said to be unsurpassed among the crucifixes of the late 17th century.

#### Impressive Tombs

There are impressive tombs in the choir aisles. One is a lovely figure of Cardinal Gasquet under a golden canopy. He is lightly carved in white stone, a spirited figure by Carter Preston, with an angel at his head and Father Time reading a book at his feet, a dove folding its wings about Time's head. The cardinal's wide-brimmed hat is carved resting on his knees, but we missed his red hat hanging over his tomb. The figure of Bishop Walmesley, who died in 1797, is one of the most beautiful sculptures in Downside. The tomb has been set up by English and American bishops who trace their spiritual descent from him, and on it he lies with delicately chiselled features in embroidered vestments, with angels at his feet and his crozier beside him. He wears embroidered slippers, has rings on his fingers, and his gloves have little tassels.

Also lying in richly embroidered vestments is the figure of Bishop Baines, with a delightful oriel window looking down on him. He lies on a tasselled cushion in fine embroidered robes, a ring on his finger; the figure is carved from one block of English alabaster.

#### A Thousand Lovely Figures

At the west end of the south aisle stands an old wooden figure of St Peter with the keys, wearing the papal crown with three tiers, which is rare; and half-way up the aisle is one of the famous Della Robbia medallions, with white figures on a blue ground, showing Joseph and Mary adoring the Child.

In all there must be about a thousand figures painted or carved in wood or glass or stone in this great place, and nothing spoils its dignity. The organ, with a console made from the timbers of the Bellerophon, the ship which took Napoleon into exile, is behind a pinnacled screen with delicate carving, and nothing that can be counted as unworthy comes into view.

In and without, Downside Abbey is a noble shrine, still unfinished when we called, waiting for its pinnacles and for the completion of its great tower 160 feet high. From high up above the east window, between figures of St Benedict and St Gregory, the Madonna and the Child look down, and nowhere look they down on a fairer scene.

## A WOMAN IN THE UP-TO-DATE WORLD

A lady reader back from a little holiday in America and Canada sends us a note of a few labour-saving devices she met with.

We saw pretty glass door handles, saving all polishing.

Doors of the waiting-room at the Pennsylvania Station in New York that opened by themselves as we approached, cutting through the electric ray.

We saw a gas furnace for central heating giving an even temperature and eliminating all stoking and anthracite.

In Canada we saw set into the outside wall a square door that opened like

a cupboard into the kitchen. The milkman left his bottles in it and the grocer his stores and the baker his loaf; all could be withdrawn from the other side of the door.

Also we saw many shops called Groceries. You picked up a big basket as you passed a turnstile, collected your own groceries from the tightly packed shelves, and submitted the basket and its contents to a cashier as you went out. Nobody ever waited on you. You could take the basket itself for a very small sum.

## UNCLE TOM ESCAPING

### His Call on Mr Morse

#### WASHINGTON RECEIVES AN INTERESTING PICTURE

The Library of Congress at Washington has received a new treasure, a picture bearing the written words "Rev. Josiah Henson from life. Presented by Uncle Tom, Feby 1861."

It was already known that Josiah Henson, who became a minister in Canada, was the original of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom, but the little old lady who has given the picture has been able to add some new facts about the famous Negro's escape.

She is the grand-daughter of Charles Morse (brother of Samuel Morse who invented the signalling system). Charles lived at Cambridge in Massachusetts, and was sympathetic to the human Underground Railway, as they called the line of men and women who gave shelter, food, and help to fugitive slaves on their way to Canada and freedom.

#### Ten Days in Hiding

Mr Morse was not a recognised "station" on the route, but when Josiah Henson arrived at Boston the officers of the law were so close on his track that he could not reach the usual shelter. He took refuge with Mr Morse and was hidden for ten days among the hay in a barn, coming into the house at night. While there he often spoke of Missie Mary, who was to figure in the famous story as Little Eva.

From Mr Morse's home Josiah Henson managed to get safely to Dresden in Ontario. There he became a preacher, and there he is buried. The lady who sends the picture to Washington remembers going as a little girl to see Mrs Stowe, who visited the Kentucky plantations and was greatly interested in Josiah Henson's story.

## LOSING £7 A MINUTE

### The Swiss Railways

Ours are not the only railways to feel the shock of competition and hard times. The Swiss railways are losing £7 a minute.

In this country the railways are trying to extricate themselves from their difficulties; in Switzerland, where they belong to the Government, a vote has been taken to authorise a complete reformation of the railway system.

The lines themselves are electrified, and are in some ways the best in Europe, but what they gain on the swings they lose on the roundabouts. The cheapness of running them is outweighed by the high wages paid, the too numerous officials, and the obligation to do a great deal of transport for the Swiss Government for nothing. The consequence is that high fares have driven the customer to the roads at the time when the general disturbance of affairs in Europe has removed the tourist both from road and rail.

## THE SHARK AND THE TYRE

A shark has added a page to the history of the motor-car.

It was captured at Havana, Cuba, with a motor-car tyre encircling its body, prevented from slipping over the tail by the fin on its back, or over its head by the fins at the side of it.

How the tyre got there, and when, is a mystery perhaps never to be solved. Mr G. P. Whitley, who records this curious fact in the Australian Museum Magazine, has collected a number of other examples where fish have been found with rubber rings surrounding them or even embedded in their bodies, but this shark took the biggest prize.



## HOW SUNS BECAME DIVIDED

### The Fate of Theta and Phi in Aquila

#### WHY OUR SUN ESCAPED

By the C.N. Astronomer

In exploring the stellar marvels of Aquila, the Eagle, one most readily discovered is the star Theta, appearing of third magnitude and therefore of medium brightness. Its position was indicated in last week's star-map.

Theta is one of the remarkable double suns of Aquila, but unlike Sigma, described last week, they do not partially eclipse one another as seen from our position in space, which is about 217 light-years distant, so these two suns of Theta must be some 13,734,000 times farther away than our Sun.

Although much larger, brighter, and hotter than our Sun, they appear to be much less massive, the larger one possessing about half and the other rather more than one-third of the material that



How suns divide—successive stages

is in our Sun. The material nearest the surface of such suns is at the greatest distance from the centre of the sun's gravitational pull and so less likely to be held by it in the equatorial regions where the sun's rotation is greatest, for all these suns rotate at a very great speed.

Sometimes the speed is so great that a time arrives when the immense sun can only just hold in the increasing belt of denser and heavier material which gathers round its greatly distended equatorial region, and then a relatively small disturbing force is sufficient to disrupt it.

The result is that either a relatively small portion is thrown off to a great and probably increasing distance to become one of the smaller "companion" suns (so often described in these articles) which will ultimately become worlds, or the great sun divides into two by a process of successive stages shown in the accompanying diagram. In this case the "halves" remain very close together, at least during the earlier stages of their existence; apparently they separate with age as the double suns of Capella, Alpha Centauri, and many others have evidently done.

#### A Divided Sun

Now Theta belongs to the "divided sun" type, its suns being very close together and averaging only about 11,500,000 miles apart between their centres, so their surfaces cannot be more than three or four times their diameters away. Imagine our Sun with another, just a trifle smaller and about three times its width away, and the two going round and round in the sky once every 17 days and 3 hours, and you have a picture of Theta in Aquila. They travel at great speed, the larger sun averaging 28½ miles a second, the other in its larger orbit 39½ miles a second.

The fainter far-distant Phi in Aquila is composed of a similar pair of suns, but as only about 2,190,000 miles separate their centres they must be almost touching and therefore egg-shaped. These revolve in only three and one-third days. Our Sun rotates once in from 25 to 26 days, but owing to the great speed of his equatorial regions, about 14 miles a second, these fly round in about 24½ days; so, were our Sun to spin round in say three days like the suns of Phi in Aquila, it is certain that, like them, he would split in half or throw off a great fiery companion. Further exploration of Aquila later. G. F. M.

## FOUR BABIES AT WHIPSNADE

### The Little Beavers

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The chief attraction at Whipsnade just now is a family of four baby beavers, born in the summer toward the end of June, though until recently unseen by the public.

The arrival of the babies was first suspected when the female beaver did not emerge from her house for several days and the male was observed to be carrying food in to her. When she did reappear the male promptly went indoors and remained there while she swam about the pond, and from then both beavers were never in the pond at the same time. However, in due course came a day when the female beaver came out of her house accompanied by four youngsters, and she began to teach them to swim and dive.

Now the quartet are well able to play by themselves, while the parents wander about the enclosure carrying out odd jobs. They play very happily, and often seem to have set games, for they push one another into the water, swim across the pond together, or collect mud. Sometimes, when the old beavers are carrying about logs, the babies join in and try to help, and although they are much more of a hindrance than a help their parents encourage them.

When the baby beavers are playing alone the old animals may not appear to be taking notice, yet they are ever on the alert to guard them. If one of the cubs should utter a cry of alarm both parents answer immediately.

## AFTER 50 YEARS

### Hull Transforms Its First Dock

A derelict dock in Hull has been transformed into ten acres of promenade and garden in the centre of the town.

It was the first dock to be built in Hull, as old as 1778, and it became out-of-date in the modern world. As far back as 1879 Sir James Reckitt offered a prize for the best way of dealing with it, but it was not for another 50 years that it was decided to convert it into a garden. Land round about was bought to make up 25 acres in all, and work was begun four years ago. The railway company (L.N.E.R.) behaved generously by dredging silt from the Humber and filling up part of the dock free, and at last the whole area was made beautiful with lawns and flower-beds, paths and avenues, and one of the noblest fountains in England.

It is a fine addition to the attractiveness of Hull, a city which all travellers remember for its noble buildings.

## BATTLING IN PERILOUS SEAS

For the first time in the history of Seychelles one of her sons has been awarded the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving.

He is Peter Forster, the 19-year-old son of a member of the Legislative Council. A schooner on which he was working lay at anchor off the reef-strewn shores of Anse-aux-Français Islands in the Seychelles archipelago. A labourer was swept out to sea by a heavy wave, and in the storm which was raging Peter dived to the rescue without a thought of the huge sharks abounding on these coasts.

For over an hour he battled with the waves, and at last managed to bring the drowning man to shore and save his life.

## Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS NEXT WEEK

### Soil, Fruits, Industry, and Hadrian's Wall

There are few places in England today where the old arts and crafts of our countryside remain, but down at Ditchling in Sussex a great effort has been made to maintain them and to revive them.

It was to Ditchling, then, that Mr K. C. Boswell went to procure many of the interesting sound effects for his talk on Industry next Tuesday. We shall hear sounds characteristic of Lancashire before the Industrial Revolution, sounds of bobbins and of hand-loom, and they will be contrasted with the roar of a modern mill.

On Monday Dr B. A. Keen sets listeners to work on an experiment showing how clods of soil are broken up by changes in the weather. On Tuesday Mr Gaddum broadcasts on fruits and seeds, and everyone can set to work investigating the points brought out in his talk. Later in the same afternoon Mr Mais is going to excite us to write poems about animals. Miss Rhoda Power is broadcasting on Hadrian's Wall. She will take us into one of the great bath-houses used by the soldiers, where we hear two of them, Marcus and Junius, joking and laughing as they are massaged by the attendant. Suddenly, "By Jupiter! Look at the sky!" cries the attendant, and they see smoke rising. It is warning of a raid. The Picts are at it again.

## England and Wales

From the National Transmitter

Monday, 2.5. Dr B. A. Keen on How the Soil was Made.

2.30. Concert lesson by Ernest Read: The First Songs and the First Instruments.

Tuesday, 11.30. Industry in the 17th century: by K. C. Boswell.

2.5. Fruits and seeds in the countryside now: a talk by C. C. Gaddum.

2.30. S. P. B. Mais on Animal Poetry.

Wednesday, 2.5. Hadrian's Wall: by Rhoda Power.

2.30. Dr R. C. Garry will describe the human body.

Thursday, 11.30. The Himalayas: by J. N. L. Baker and Kenneth Mason.

2.5. Peak District: by Patrick Monkhouse.

2.30. Professor Eileen Power on the Old Civilisations of America.

Friday, 2.5. Aquitaine and the Port of Bordeaux: a travel talk by M. Vignon.

2.30. Concert lesson by Dr Thomas Armstrong, with singing and tunes for the violin.

3.35. A talk by Sir William Beveridge.

## Scotland

Scottish Regional and Aberdeen

Monday, 2.5. A visit to the forests and sawmills of Canada: by F. A. Stewart.

Tuesday, 2.5. J. L. Hardie on Composition.

Wednesday, 2.5. Professor Mackie on Columbia.

2.20. As National.

Thursday, 2.5. Why is it that grass, eaten by sheep, scorched by the Sun, and trampled on, always grows again? Sir Robert Greig will tell us.

2.30. As National.

Friday, 2.35. Dances of Scotland: a concert by Herbert Wiseman.

3.35. As National.

## POWER THROUGH JOY

We like to record all the good things done in foreign countries, and it is a pleasure to dwell on Hitler's genuine love for the masses, while regretting his terrible persecution of minorities. A great plan is in preparation to provide holidays for the German people.

Seaside holidays, country holidays, even cruising holidays, are to be organised for the millions. An organisation named Power Through Joy has the details in hand.



**'Ovaltine'**  
makes Milk  
far more  
nourishing and  
digestible

'OVALTINE,' added to milk, is the regular daily beverage of countless thousands of persons. They know that 'Ovaltine' has special properties which transform milk into a delicious beverage, which is far more nourishing and digestible than milk alone.

'Ovaltine' is a perfect food, prepared from malt, milk and eggs. It contains every nutritive element required for building up body, brain and nerves.

### The Family Beverage for Health

Every member of the family will benefit by making 'Ovaltine' his or her daily beverage. It is particularly necessary for children, for it has been proved that children who have 'Ovaltine' regularly at home—and during the morning break at school—are more efficient and less liable to fatigue.

But, it must be 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.148a

Every Boy and Girl  
should join the  
League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official handbook and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 'Ovaltine' Factory, King's Langley, Hertfordshire.



# PEARL RIVER PIRATE

## Serial Story

By John Halden

### What Has Happened Before

Christopher Atherton, sailing with his brother James on the rice boat Kwan Yin to meet their uncle at Saigon, has suspicions about some pilgrim women on board.

### CHAPTER 3

#### A Tea Party

JAMES grinned at his brother. "I must say, Chris, no one could accuse you of lacking imagination," he said banteringly. "Here we have twelve pious old ladies on their way to some shrine or other, and you begin to get jumpy about them."

"Just the same I'm going to mention them to the captain," returned his brother seriously. "If you remember, they got by the officers on the dock without being searched properly. They might have any number of knives and guns under those voluminous coats they wear."

"So you think a dozen women can hold up the whole ship," James laughed outright. "You are nervy, Chris! What on earth has come over you?"

"I just don't like it, that's all. It's a crazy hunch, if you like. But I'm going to ask the captain to cock an eye at them."

"Right-ho!" said his brother. "We're due right now in his cabin for tea. You tell him what you like, and see how he'll laugh."

Captain Hereford's desk was piled high with papers as they entered, and he turned a preoccupied eye on his guests.

"Don't generally entertain the first day out," he remarked bluffly. "Too many papers to go over. You'll have to hop it when we've had some tea, but you won't mind, will you?"

"No, indeed," said James, eyeing the array of cakes that were being set out by the captain's Boy. "It's very good of you to have us at all when you are so busy."

"Captain he velly busy topside ally time number one day out," explained the Boy. "My wantchee speak—no can do."

"This is Yin. Very good Boy," said the captain, preparing to pour the tea, while Yin bowed and smiled at the introduction. "My belong square, ally same table," confided Yin boastfully.

"Yes, he's honest," agreed the captain. "You go and drum up some sandwiches, Yin. Can do? No can do?"

"Can do," replied the Boy, departing.

"I never know what terms he is on with the cook," explained the captain, swallowing a small cream puff at one bite. "If he says 'no can do' it means they've had a quarrel, and it will be safer to send someone else if I want my sandwiches in a hurry."

"There's something I think I ought to mention to you, sir," said Christopher, avoiding the mocking eye of his brother. "Jim here thinks it's all rot, and I admit it may be, but just the same I think there is something wrong about a group of pilgrim women who came aboard at Canton."

"What's wrong with them?" said the captain. "We get crowds of pilgrims going to the Buddhist shrines up north."

"Really I haven't any definite grounds; it's just that they look somehow wrong to me. We saw them board. They made a great fuss about having their luggage examined—"

"Always do," interrupted the captain. "Nothing strange about that."

"In the end they submitted suddenly, and there was nothing but the usual stuff in their bundles. But they positively would not allow the soldiers to touch them to see if they had weapons in their belts. So they came aboard without any search of their persons at all."

"Yes, I know," said the captain lightly. "The soldiers are very timid about searching old women, whom they've been taught from babyhood to respect. We know that, but we let it pass. We've nothing to fear from pilgrim women."

"If they are women," said Chris.

The captain started.

"Eh, what!" he said sharply. "What makes you think they aren't?"

"Nothing but a general feeling, sir," confessed Chris. "They just don't look quite right to me. And another thing; they were all sitting in such a position that they could watch all directions on the river at once. And they were not watching as harmless old tourist ladies might watch, just generally interested in the junks and sampans on the river. These people watched keenly; they were watching for something."

"H'm." Captain Hereford said nothing for a moment, then seemed to make up his

mind. "With all these helpless Chinese on my conscience, not to speak of the cabin passengers, I can't afford to take any risks of pirates being aboard. That's why we have all deck passengers searched so carefully before letting them on. But at the same time, by confiscating all weapons we deprive them of the means of protecting themselves in case of a piratical attack, so ours is the sole responsibility of protecting them. Now, I don't like to put any arbitrary indignity on these old pilgrim women, for fear they prove to be just that. But I'll have my guards surround them unobtrusively and keep an eye on them."

"Now you boys will have to clear, if you don't mind," he went on, turning to his heaped desk. "Thanks for your information. Hope there's nothing in it."

"Good-bye, sir, and thanks for a jolly good tea," said Christopher.

A few minutes later James pointed out the guards taking up casual positions where they could overlook the old pilgrim ladies.

Christopher glanced to where his brother indicated, then looked back downstream. "See those two big junks coming toward us from opposite banks of the river?" he said. "They're doing pretty well against the wind. I believe they've got auxiliary engines."

James shaded his eyes against the lowering sun.

"I believe they must have," he agreed. "Unusual in a junk, isn't it?"

"Very," said Chris significantly. "And if they continue as they are doing they will cross right in front of us."

"By Jove, they are behaving rather strangely for junks," said Jim. "They are striking across the current, making straight for us. That is queer for junks coming upstream against the wind."

"It's worth mentioning to the captain, don't you think?"

"He's frightfully busy, Chris. And if it shouldn't prove to be anything out of the way he'd put us down for alarmists."

On the other hand, there are several hundred helpless Chinese on board, with women and children. Pirates have no mercy."

"Come on then, we'll risk it," said James, leaping for the ladder to the hurricane deck.

### CHAPTER 4

#### The Attack

CAPTAIN HEREFORD grumbled a reluctant "What is it now?" as he turned from the papers on his desk.

"Sorry, sir," said James at the door, "but there's a couple of junks with auxiliary engines making straight for the ship. Chris saw them come out from opposite sides of the river from hidden inlets, and we thought you ought to know about it."

"More pirates, eh?" said Captain Hereford, smiling, but his face was worried as he swung out of his chair, took his binoculars from the rack, and came out on the deck.

The two junks were making excellent time upstream. As the captain studied them, muttering now and then under his breath, Christopher crossed over to look down at the circle of pilgrim women. Their appearance was unchanged, except that now none of them stared out toward the land. Each had drawn a small Buddhist rosary from her garments and was telling the beads with bent head. But every now and again, as Christopher watched, one of them raised her eyes slyly for a swift glance at the water ahead, and each time that glance flew, straight as an arrow, toward the two lonely junks coming upstream. Their tall, angular leader looked oftenest, and once or twice murmured something to the others that Chris could not catch.

Suddenly the captain threw down his glasses with an angry ejaculation and turned to give an order. The two junks were now so near that the eyes painted on their square prows were clearly to be seen. They were certainly making straight for the ship.

In a moment the Kwan Yin's engines were in reverse, but the junks, as if determined on self-destruction, came on. Their grubby decks seemed deserted, except for some piles of rags lying here and there.

Chris and Jim had no time to examine them, however, for the moment the ship began churning up the water backward the leader of the pilgrim women leaped to her feet with a revolver in her hand. She shot twice into the air, and the rest of the band of disguised pirates were immediately clustered round her (or rather him), equally armed to the teeth.

The peaceful Chinese on deck were frozen with astonishment that quickly changed to wild panic. Below, the junks had been

skillfully manoeuvred, one on each side of the stalled ship, and the heaps of rags on their decks revealed themselves as pirates armed with revolvers and knives, ready to swarm up over the sides of the ship the moment the signal should be given.

The signal was never given. Thanks to the boys' warning, guards had been placed near enough to the disguised pirates to close in on them at once when they had declared themselves. The pirates found themselves, to their angry astonishment, surrounded by lowered bayonets held by boy soldiers who, however they might be quaking within, were still able to keep them stiff.

It all happened so suddenly that Chris and Jim were momentarily frozen, watching from their vantage point. The Chinese passengers were moving about in all directions trying to find shelter from the coming gunfire. The boy soldiers did not know quite what to do, whether to run their captives through with their bayonets or to take them prisoner. But one of them, he who had been so vehemently scolded for his lack of respect for old women by the disguised leader of the pirates, stepped forward and pulled the wig from her head. He did it with indignation that so venerable a symbol of womanhood should be so misused, but his action struck the other soldiers as humorous. They stepped in to pull off the other wigs—and lost their advantage.

The pirates, menaced from above by more experienced guns, dared not attempt to plunder the passengers, but they were able to make a bolt for the rail, and over it into the river, amid a hail of bullets. Down below the other pirates, realising that their plans had miscarried, turned their junks and made full speed for the banks.

The Kwan Yin carried no heavy artillery. It was beneath her dignity to set out in pursuit of a pirate junk. She wirelessed details of the attack to the authorities in Canton, who could be trusted to send out river police, and continued on her way.

The whole affair, which might have meant a general massacre of helpless passengers, had taken only a few minutes, and no passenger was so much as wounded.

Christopher and Jim stared at each other, hardly able to believe that they had really seen what they had seen.

"One up to you, old chap," said Jim finally. "If you hadn't stuck to it I'd never have believed those harmless-looking old women were disguised pirates. They'd have slaughtered the passengers right and left. Did you notice their long knives?"

"I noticed something else," said Chris. "There was a white man steering the junk on the starboard side of this ship."

"What!" cried Jim incredulously. "Then that makes it more than ordinary piracy."

"Never heard of white pirates in these waters before," agreed Chris. "There's some big game afoot, Jim."

In the captain's cabin, late that night, his guess was verified. A very fat and very frightened elderly Chinese gentleman stood before the captain with many bows and prayed him to take charge of two large wicker baskets which he said contained treasures of carved jade from the Imperial Palace at Peking.

"And how did they get to Canton, tell me that, Hsing!" Captain Hereford stared keenly at the jade-merchant, who began at once to expostulate.

"My belong square! My no belong thief, Mister Captain! My have buy twelve piece jade from General Hsu. Now takee Hong Kong."

"So you're taking it to Hong Kong for safety, eh? If it's from the Imperial Palace, though, it must be stolen Government property. All that stuff was sent down to Shanghai to be kept against a possible Japanese invasion of Peking. How could any of it get all the way to Canton? Must have been stolen en route."

"My belong good man," said Hsing with dignity. "My have got son in Christian college Canton."

"I think we will have proof of your goodness before we feel sure of that. What about proofs. Have got? No have got?"

"Have got," returned Hsing quietly, fumbling in his belt under his long silk robe. He brought out a paper, which he handed with a bow to the captain. It read:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify, in case of emergency only, that Hsing Yang is acting as my agent to find and return to the Chinese Government certain Imperial treasures stolen en route from Peking to Shanghai. I ask that anyone to whom he shows this certificate shall keep its existence secret, since it would prove dangerous to all concerned for our activities to become known."

This letter was signed Bertrand Atherton, the uncle whom Christopher and James were going out to Saigon to meet!

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO DOES SOME PAINTING

JACKO's Big Sister Belinda was very proud of her hair.

It was nice hair, long and thick and glossy. She had never had it shingled, though it gave her a lot of trouble, and used to take her the best part of a morning to wash and dry it.

In summer-time she would go out in the garden and let the sun do the drying, sitting on the grass with her hair streaming round her.



"Oh!" Belinda screamed, clapping her hands to her hair

One day Jacko, having nothing to do, thought he'd pay his sister a visit.

She wasn't in the house, but her husband Joe was. "Hallo!" cried Jacko. "Got a holiday?"

"Looks like it," agreed Joe. He was fiddling about in the scullery with some paint-pots.

"What are you going to paint?" asked Jacko.

"Greenhouse roof," replied Joe.

"I'll give you a hand," said Jacko.

"No you won't," said Joe, with determination. "You hop off, there's a good lad. I'm busy."

Jacko wandered out into the garden.

At the far end was Belinda, sitting on a seat, her long hair spread out all along the back of it.

"Washing day!" grinned Jacko.

Just then Joe came out with a pail of whitewash in his hand. He dumped it down by the door of the greenhouse and went back to the house to fetch the steps.

Jacko idly picked up the brush and

slapped it against the side of the pail.

Suddenly he looked up and caught sight of Belinda's hair spread out in the sun.

In a flash he shot forward and drew the brush across it! And slunk silently off. The sun was fierce that day.

"It ought to be dry now," murmured Belinda, throwing up her head and leaning forward.

"Oh!" she screamed, clapping her hands to her hair.

It had stuck fast to the seat!

Jacko, well hidden behind a tree, was enjoying his joke.



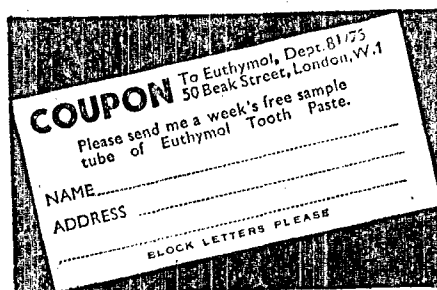


## KEEP THEM CLEAN

If you take care of your teeth they will last you all your life. There is no better means of protection against dental decay germs than cleaning them morning and evening with

# Euthymol

## TOOTH PASTE



## LOSS OF VOICE

Tune up the Throat membranes and keep your voice vibrant with

# Allenburys

## PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS IN TINS 8 & 1/3



# 3 Grand Gifts for Boys

Think of it! The "Wings of Britain" book—all about modern British aviation, containing many marvellous photographs; the first four coloured cards showing mechanical wonders of 1935 and a splendid Album in which to keep them—ALL given FREE today in MODERN BOY. Subsequent issues for the next 7 weeks will each contain 4 more cards for the Album.

No boy should miss any of these wonderful gifts. The first gift-number of this grand paper is on sale TODAY, and a regular order for MODERN BOY will ensure securing the other 7 Free Gift issues.

# FREE

## BIG AEROPLANE BOOK

"Wings of Britain." A Book of Aviation

## 20 Page ALBUM

The Modern Boy's Album of Mechanical Wonders of 1935

## 32 COLOURED CARDS

Specially Prepared for Insertion in the Gift Album

# MODERN BOY

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls. Every Saturday.

2d

ALL applications for advertisement space should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "The Children's Newspaper," Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

## 700 Sickly Stepney Slum Children

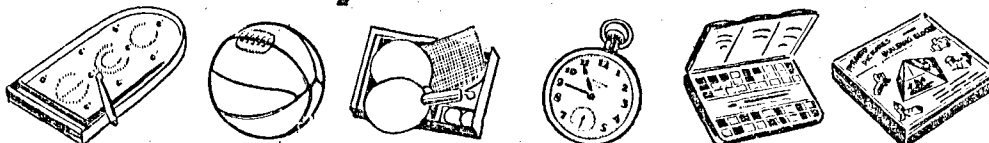
are being given a fortnight at a Convalescent Home this year.

Please send a generous contribution to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent, EAST END MISSION, CENTRAL HALL, BROMLEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, E.1.

## THE ABYSSINIA v. ITALY PKT. FREE!

With the probability of WAR between these two countries, the contents of this magnificent packet will become a lasting record of the conflict. It includes a splendid short SET of Ethiopian (Abyssinian) stamps. All large and multi-coloured. The Italian stamps include fine Statue of the Fascist Leader, Mussolini, on horseback, also King Victor Emmanuel III. Other countries represented are Set 3 Japan (Chrysanthemum), Guiana (unused), Old Russia (Romanoff period), Upper Volta (mint), stamps from the Orient, including Siam and British Colonials, 55 different. Don't delay—send to-day. 2d postage requesting approvals.—LISBURN & TOWNSEND, Ltd. (Dept. G.N.), LIVERPOOL 3.

## Which do you want? — They're FREE!



**BAGATELLE BOARD**  
It's a ripping game — and won't Dad like it too! 120 coupons and Free Voucher.

**BOY'S FOOTBALL:**  
Cowhide leather, with good-quality rubber bladder. 150 coupons and Free Voucher.

**TABLE TENNIS SET:**  
In box. Net, two posts, two bats and balls. 90 coupons and Free Voucher.

**WATCH:**  
Nickel-plated. Crown Maxim Keyless lever, a good time-keeper. 165 coupons and Free Voucher.

**LARGE BOX OF PAINTS:**  
Full range of colours, complete with brush. 54 coupons and Free Voucher.

**BOX OF PYRAMID CUBES:**  
Novel building blocks. Range of pictures. 90 coupons and Free Voucher.

## ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Ask mother to buy you Rowntree's delicious Cocoa. Inside every 4-lb. tin are 3 Free Gift Coupons. Very quickly you'll have enough to get any gift you want. Ask for Rowntree's Cocoa twice a day—it's good for you.

## READ THIS, MOTHER!

Rowntree's Cocoa is now improved by a wonderful new predigestion process. It is made even more digestible — helps more in digesting other foods — and is more bone and muscle-building than ordinary cocoa. Still only 5 1/2d. per 4-lb. tin with 3 FREE GIFT COUPONS.

★ Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. 8C1, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for special list of boys' and girls' gifts with FREE VOUCHER value 3 coupons.

REMEMBER THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS, TOO.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 28, 1935

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Defined

BILLY was puzzled with his reading and continually asked his elder brother the meanings of words. "What does plural mean?" he asked. "Oh," replied Tom, "it means some of the same thing only more of it."

### The Two Cyclists

WHITE called for his friend Black one Saturday afternoon, as they had planned to cycle to a seaside town. On his arrival White found his friend mending a punctured tyre.

"You go on; I shall be ready in a minute or two and will catch you up," said Black.

White started off and rode at a steady 12 miles an hour. But Black, to his dismay, found the puncture more difficult to mend than he had thought, and it was half an hour before he was able to start. He rode at 14 miles an hour, and caught up his friend just as they reached their destination. How far was it to the seaside?

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Une fillette a perdu son sac à main. Elle l'a retrouvé dans un arbre. Qui l'avait mis là? Un singe.

A little girl lost her bag. She found it in a tree. Who had put it there? A monkey.

### Yes or No

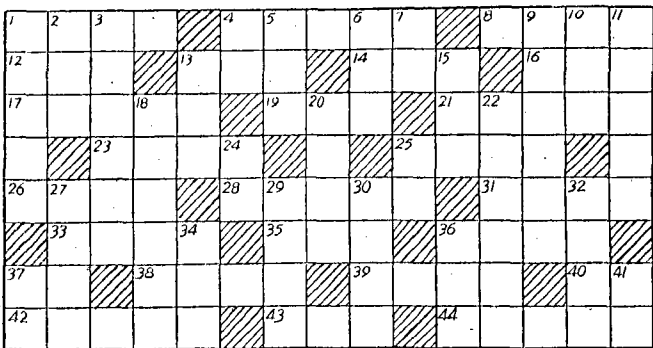
HERE are six questions which are a test of intelligence. On a piece of paper write down quickly either Yes or No as the answer to each question, and then look at the answers in column 3 and see how many you have correct.

1. Did Charles Dickens write *The Cricket on the Hearth*?
2. Is the head of the London County Council a Lord Mayor?
3. Is Helen Wills Moody women's tennis champion of England?
4. Is the zebra a bird?
5. Does the State own the Bank of England?
6. Is the King a duke?

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

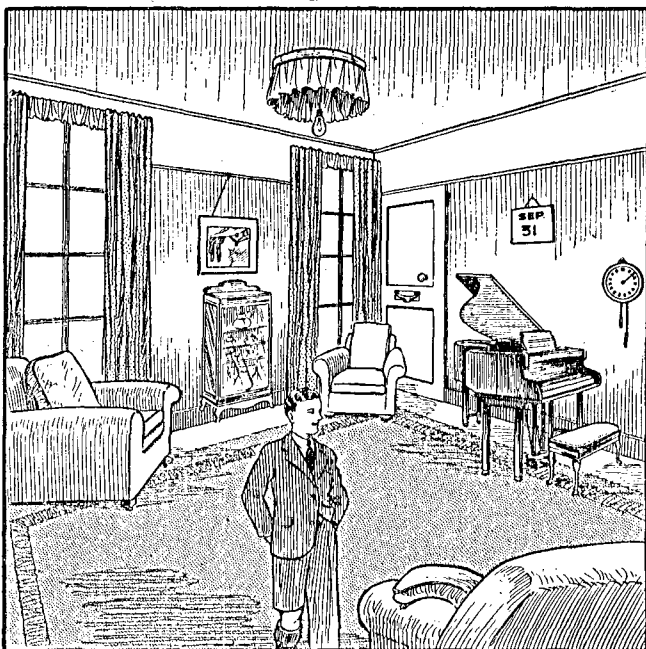
Asterisks among the clues below indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

**Reading Across.** 1. A snare. 4. A horse. 8. Employ. 12. This word expresses affirmation. 13. Recompense. 14. A meadow. 16. Foot of a clawed animal. 17. A kind of cloth. 19. Request. 21. To hit. 23. Mother's sister. 25. Accessible. 26. Newts. 28. A newspaper is sometimes called this. 31. Trial. 33. In case. 35. Conjunction. 36. An entrance. 37. Iowa.\* 38. Ages. 39. Fervency. 40. Automobile Association.\* 42. A sudden heavy flood in a stream. 43. A sheep. 44. A sacred song.



**Reading Down.** 1. To perceive flavour. 2. A cereal plant. 3. To combine with gas or with air. 4. Compass point.\* 5. A popular beverage. 6. Large member of the deer family. 7. French for of. 9. A keyboard instrument of the harpsichord type. 10. Devour. 11. Pleasant to the taste. 13. Marshy land. 15. A deadly species of viper. 18. Piece of cloth inserted to strengthen or enlarge a garment. 20. An indication. 22. The rails of a railway. 24. In the direction of. 25. Above and touching. 27. A lobe. 29. To demolish. 30. A kind of axe. 32. A marine mammal. 34. Part of the foot. 36. A breach. 37. Exists. 41. Before noon.\*

## What Is Wrong In This Picture?



A NUMBER of mistakes have been made in this picture of a drawing-room. How many can you see? Answer next week

### Abyssinia's Coffee

THE coffee plant is a native of Abyssinia, where it grows wild. It has been used as a beverage in that country from time immemorial. There is a theory that the name is derived from Kaffa, an Abyssinian province. The production of a cultivated type of coffee is on the increase, and a certain amount is exported.

### Not Recommended

SMITH entered a small café and asked if he could have some food.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, who had just received notice.

"Such as what?" asked Smith. "Such as it is," replied the waiter.

### Hidden Names

THIS puzzle square contains the names of ten parts of a house. The words are spelled partly across and partly down the square.

P E W R G A B  
O C A O O F L  
R E L L A R E  
C H W S F L S  
A I I N D O O  
T M N E Y W R  
T I C W E S S

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Uranus is in the East. In the morning Venus is low in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Thursday, October 3.



### On the Postman's Round

HE was showing a friend round his ultra-modern house.

"There are lots of points about it that I like," said the candid friend, "and there are some that I do not understand. Why, for instance, the round hole in the front door?"

"Oh, that's for circular letters."

### A Riddle

ALL people need me, rich and poor.  
Decapitate me and you'll see  
That I am what you're doing now.  
If re-arranged the whole of me  
Becomes uncovered, or you may  
Find what men scrape off day by day.

Answer next week

### A County Sentence

THE following sentence is made up of the letters in the name NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, no other letters being used:

A great nation is sometimes the gainer in not resorting to arms against its enemies, tho' their aim is to mar its interest.

### Relief

THEY were marooned in the Far North of Canada and they had a gun and a few rounds of ammunition apiece, though neither was accustomed to firearms.

Food was urgently required, so they decided to hunt. Presently a voice was heard calling:

"Dick, are you all right?" "Sure thing!" came the reply. "Good; then I've shot a bear."

### Answers to Yes or No

1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. No. 5. No. 6. Yes.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### A Happy Family

There were seven children: four boys and three girls.

#### Transposition.

Nut, tun.

#### Two Mixed Proverbs

Too many cooks spoil the broth. Many hands make light work.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### A Long Tail

BLINKER was a china dog who stood on Grandma's mantelpiece.

When Joan went to see Grandma she just touched his head and his tail, and, as they were on springs, the head would keep nodding and the tail wagging for quite a long time. And all the while Blinker's eyes would blink too, which was why that name had been given to him. Grandma was very fond of Blinker.

One day Joan had Blinker on the table beside her when Smut, the big black cat, jumped up to say "How do you do?"

Joan was afraid that Smut would knock Blinker over, so she grabbed Blinker's tail and tried to pull him out of danger.

To her dismay his tail stretched and stretched, until only a long piece of wire straggled over the table. Grandma had taken Mother upstairs to see the new curtains. What would they say when they came back?

The door opened and in came Uncle Jim. Joan looked round hopefully. Uncle Jim was very clever. Perhaps he could put Blinker's tail to rights. He had often mended her toys.

"What's the matter?" asked her uncle, seeing her doleful face.

Joan pointed to the long tail. "Please put it right!" she begged.

Uncle Jim rubbed his hair all ways at once.

"A bit of a puzzle," he said. "I might be able to find a new spring in my odds-and-ends box."

"Can't you do it quickly?" said Joan. Grandma and Mummie were on the landing now. They would surely be back soon!

Uncle Jim's face brightened. He picked up the knitting needle which Mummie had laid down with the sock she was making for Joan, who could not see what use a knitting needle would be.

"I believe this will do the trick," he said, and very carefully he began to coil the wire round the needle.

Blinker got turned over so many times that Joan felt quite sorry for him, and hoped that he wasn't feeling giddy.

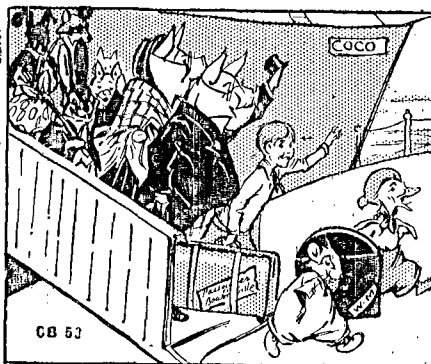
Uncle Jim set Blinker down on the table at the very moment that Mummie and Grandma opened the door.

His tail might have been a tiny bit longer than before, but it looked all right. Blinker nodded and blinked, and Joan and Uncle Jim smiled at each other.

And neither of them has ever told the secret of Blinker's long tail.

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

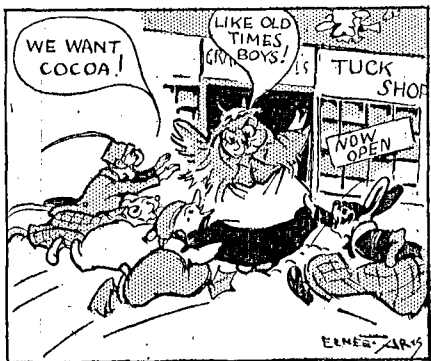
## Home Again



The Cococubs had no more troubles. The 'Coco' made fine speed, and soon the Cococubs could see England. "After all the excitement, I'm glad to get back," cried Mrs. Pie Porker.



They left the 'Coco' in harbour, and caught the Bournville Express, which soon got them home. The Cococubs were really excited to see their own front doors after such a long holiday!



In the evening Granny Owl's tuck shop was open again—just like old times. And what a lot of cocoa was drunk, while everybody talked about the wonderful trip to Africa!

# There's a Toy in every tin of The Children's BOURNVILLE COCOA

Look out for new adventures